

June 22, 1963

THE

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# NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**BEYOND THE FRINGE**—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

**DEAR ME, THE SKY IS FALLING**—Gertrude Berg in an ingratiating role as a woman who likes to adjust other people's lives and suddenly discovers that this is a bad policy. Rather on the trite side, but still agreeable. Herman Shumlin is responsible for the lively direction of Leonard Spigelgass's comedy, and Will Steven Armstrong for the pleasant sets. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**ENTER LAUGHING**—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made up of pretty thin material, but it is funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

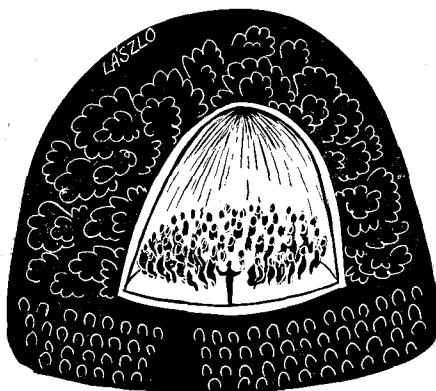
**NEVER TOO LATE**—Maybe there's only one joke in this comedy about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon tell it with spirit. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some highly diverting dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**PHOTO FINISH**—A comedy, written by and starring Peter Ustinov, that has to do with an ancient who, on his deathbed, can consult with himself as he was in earlier days. Sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**RATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN**—A somewhat anemic drama about a middle-aged mother's boy and a kindly prostitute who hopes against hope that she will be able to help him establish his virility. The play, which has only three characters, was written by Charles Dyer, whose dialogue sounds authentic, and is well acted by Tammy Grimes, Edward Woodward, and Edward Claymore. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**STRANGE INTERLUDE**—O'Neill's very protracted stream-of-consciousness drama in a revival that has been astutely directed by José Quintero and enacted with great skill by a cast that includes Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Rip Torn, and William Prince. In smaller roles we have Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, Collin Wilcox, and Geoffrey Horne. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30. Closes Saturday, July 13.)

**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Elaine



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Stitch, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**LONG RUNS—MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**LITTLE ME**—An aimless exercise in which Sid Caesar plays the seven lovers of a woman called Belle Poirine, who has made her pneumatic way from the Middle West to Southampton. There may be those who will like it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

**OLIVER!**—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several good production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Paul O'Keefe, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have

around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**SHE LOVES ME**—An adaptation of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF**—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TOVARICH**—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. The book was written by David Shaw, the music was composed by Lee Pockriss, and the lyrics were created by Anne Crosswell. Peter Glenville directed. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. With Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **NO STRINGS:** Barbara McNair has just replaced Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris Vogue, in this Richard Rodgers show. Richard Kiley plays an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY**—"The King and I," with Eileen Brennan and Manolo Fabregas. The last in a series of three Richard Rodgers musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

**THE AMERICAN DREAM AND THE ZOO STORY**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**AMERICAN SAVOYARDS**—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, June 20-21: "The Gondoliers." ... ♪ Saturday matinee and evening, June 22: "The Mikado." ... ♪ Sunday matinee and evening, June 23, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 25-26: "The Pirates of Penzance." ... ♪ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 27-28: "The Mikado." ...

|                        | Page |
|------------------------|------|
| BOOKS                  | 104  |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA     | 61   |
| LETTER FROM WASHINGTON | 90   |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: |      |
| MARKETS AND MENUS      | 67   |
| THE RACE TRACK         | 86   |

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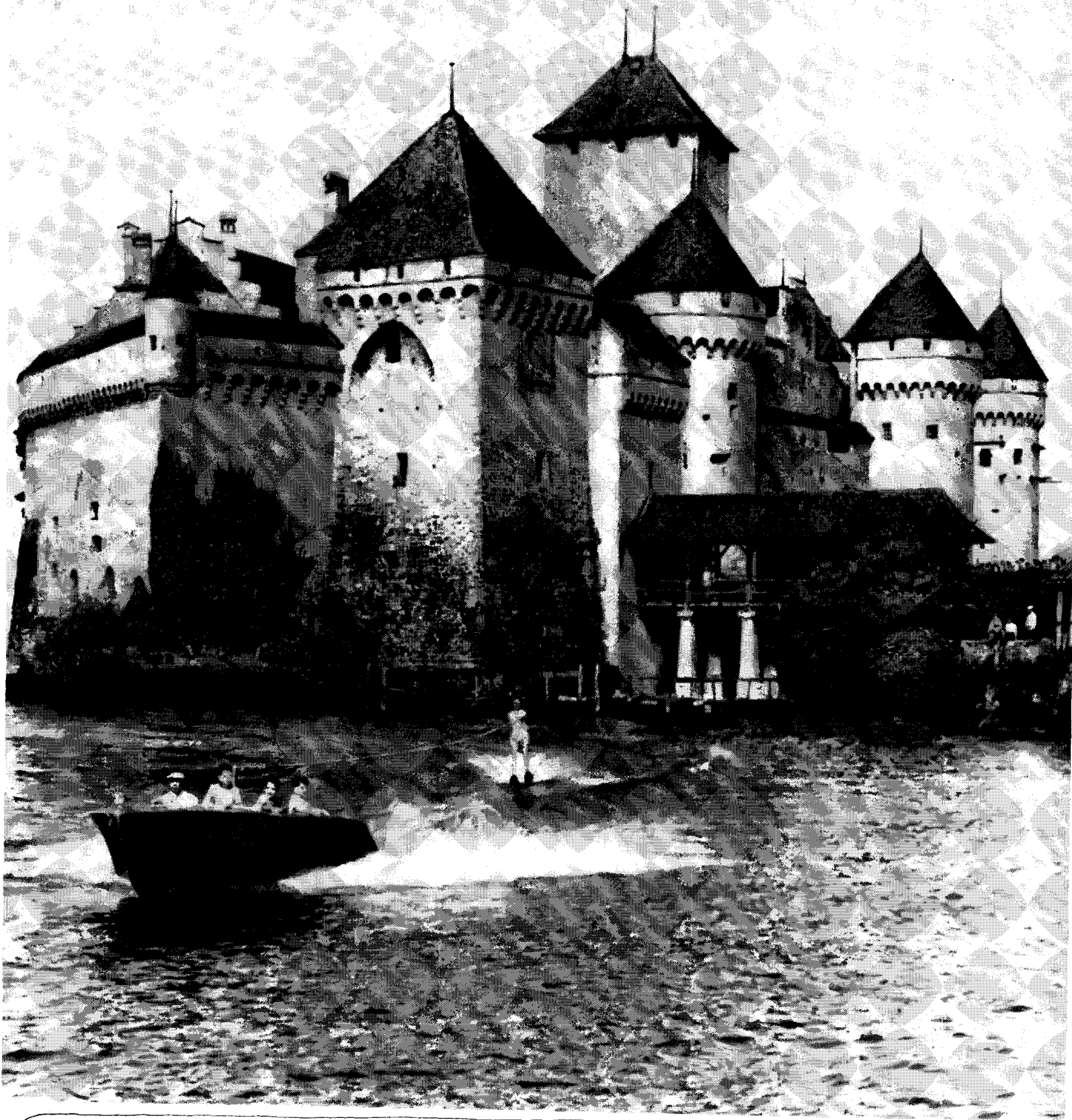
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday matinee and evening, June 29: "Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees at 4.)

**BEST FOOT FORWARD**—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE BLACKS**—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE**—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE BRIG**—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**CAGES**—Two shoddy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Salome Jens plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE FANTASTICKS**—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST**—A sprightly, stylish revival of Wilde's comedy of paradox and double identity. Patrick Horgan plays Worthing, and Melville Cooper Canon Chasuble. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY**—This revival, under the direction of David Ross, is, on the whole, handsome and quite charming, in spite of Celeste Holm's inadequacy as Natalya. Dino Narizzano is splendid as the young tutor, and so are a number of other actors in sup-

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porting roles. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**THE PINTER PLAYS**—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**RIVERWIND**—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR**—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THIS WAS BURLESQUE**—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Sally Rand as mistress of ceremonies. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**THE TYPISTS AND THE TIGER**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters, give Eli Wallach a chance to display his first-rate talents as an actor and comedian. Mr. Wallach is well supported by his wife, Anne Jackson. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL**—Free performances of "Antony and Cleopatra," with Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Higgins, and Ramon Bieri. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 6.)

**JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE**—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented

by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. Opens Saturday, June 22. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMERICANA**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Unimpressed by the grandiloquence of his surroundings (the Royal Box), Eddie Fisher remains Eddie Fisher, intoning the homely songs of Tin Pan Alley. A Lester Lanin dance squad is around all evening; Mr. F. emerges only at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished civilization. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. No dance tunes Sundays, when only the wing of the mansion called Perona's is in operation.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the whole deal.

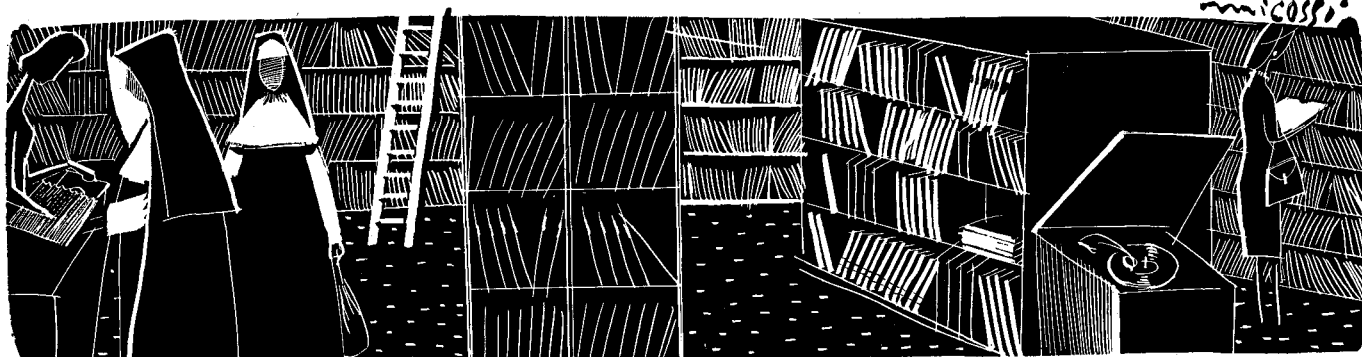
**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is dressed partly in its regular winter woollies (the trumpeting band of Emil Coleman and the prancy one of Mark Monte) and partly in rather lightweight summer clothes (the ballads of Kitty Kallen, at dinner and supper). Closed Sundays. ... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and *vin rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine, every night but Monday.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sue Carson, an unexpected occupant of Guy Lombardo's old town house, occasionally lets loose a wicked tongue as she unwraps an engaging collection of banter in the Grill, and Frank D'Rone sings a mean song indeed when he takes his guitar on his lap. Dancing to Al Conte's trio. They all disappear after Saturday, June 22, to be followed by Lenny Herman's dance band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**ST. REGIS ROOF**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A vault of heaven, pink as can be, beneath which the band of Charles Turecamo, who usually estivates in the Hamptons, and the small group of Walter Kay keep their minds on their work (dance music) the whole evening long. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY HILTON**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Serene majesty is the attitude of the Columns, where the prevailing climate is full moonlight. Chauncey Gray's orchestra is the social arbiter, and it is in favor of dancing, for which there is ample space. Arturo Arturos's threesome, which has been boning up on its Latin trots, helps out the Grays. The room will call it a season after Saturday, June 22.

**SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties pursues its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse*; at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton sits in at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. ... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin. ... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the mood. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday. ... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The urge to be flamenco guides the singers and dancers who ascend the tiny stage twice a night Sundays through Thursdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, for the guests every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Upper are most of the echelons on display here. George Feyer composes the sort of piano that goes with it all. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice (Lili France's) to zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before early morning. Among the keepers of the late hours are Herman Honigsberg, past-master of the fiddle, and his rout of musicians. Closed Sundays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semiprivate life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Other music—accordion,

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guitar, and piano—can also be discerned in the gloaming. After ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays, couples accustomed to taking up very little floor space can dance to the music of a trio. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday, giving the diners his repertory of pianoforte études. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unalterably Spanish. No music Mondays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): This diners' club gets all-evening-long dashes of Italian opera, sometimes sung grand, sometimes sung *bouffe*, or even blindman's *bouffe*. Closed Mondays. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner plays lordly but limpid piano in the sylvan reaches of the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre. His last night is Saturday, June 22. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano fills in. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin is making one of his infrequent pilgrimages to New York. He's in the Regency Room cocktail lounge from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday, carefully constructing his own special fugues for piano.

## BIG AND BRASSY

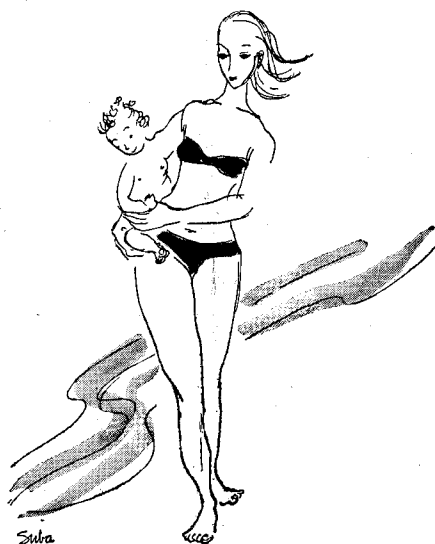
**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has discovered a new never-never land (it *looks* like Camelot-on-the-Nile), and in it he has set a revue, "The Venus Touch," where nearly every prospect (which is usually dressed to the ceiling with young ladies) pleases. In the thin crust of males are Jerry Colonna, a veteran eye-roller, and Dino Formichini, a chap with operatic pipes. Dancing.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

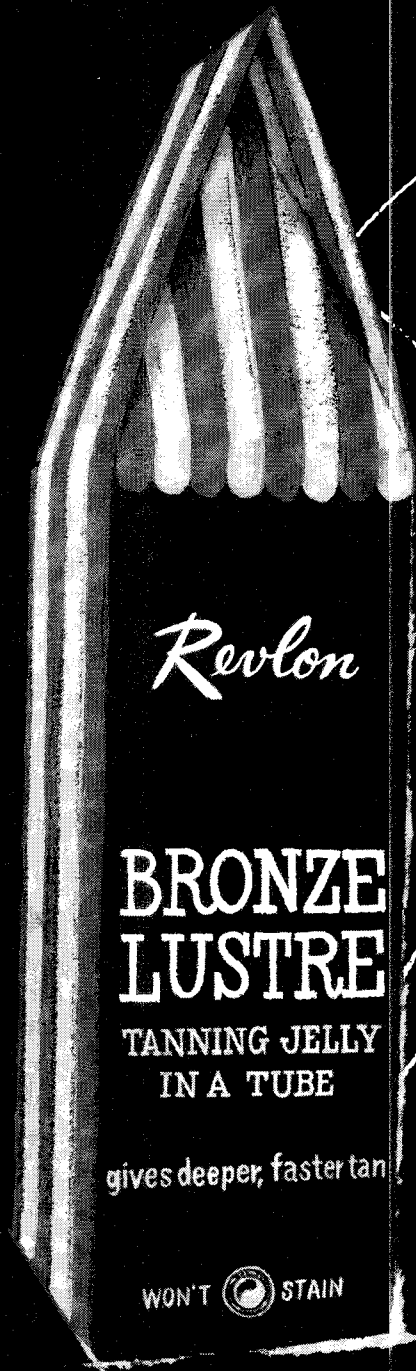
**PLAZA 9**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is a game of

darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins, and the game begins at nine and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. ... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dinner and supper are now, after twenty years, the preamble to the back-room activities, which involve, at the moment, Woody Allen, a wit whose mind is one jump ahead of almost every other mind, and Allen & Grier, boy and girl infants with a wonderfully fresh (in every sense) attitude toward folk music. ... **Bobby Short**, eternal fountain of youth, who has two sidemen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) working with him, is playing and singing songs designed to turn the lounge into the land of the midnight sun. He begins after the theatre, and Sunday is his sole holiday. ... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," which could just as well be called "To the Four Winds," is like its predecessors here in spirit (mockery) and scope (the whole U.S.A.), but it contains a new departure—a whoop-de-do play-within-byplay that can obligingly mean anything that one wishes it to. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, Barbara Harris, and MacIntyre Dixon are the members of the cast. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. ... **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of sock-and-buskin players who are young but also earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," a revue compiled by Ronny Graham, takes only passing glances at the issues of the day, or night; instead, it burbles cheerily along in the chat-tiest fashion. Mr. Graham is its Mephistopheles. Bill McCutcheon is its Falstaff. Closed Sundays. ... "Life still hath one romance that naught can bury," say the eclectic lyrics of Mabel Mercer, though not necessarily in those mossy words. With the navigational aid of Sam Hamilton's piano, she chants her soliloquies, after ten, in her celebrated bittersweet fashion in the **DOWNSTAIRS**, where, Fridays and Saturdays, Ronny Graham usually shows up, too. His devil-take-the-hindmost ditties earn him the right to wear a forked tail. Closed Sundays. ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): This England and its idiosyncrasies, private and political, is presented in revue form and with intent to kill by an extremely happy breed of men and women—John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson—who, no matter how witty, always let one know that they mean what they say. A rather British dinner and supper menu is part of the accompaniment. The rest is Teddy Wilson's unmistakably jazz quartet. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The current troupe of gymnasts at this living museum of Iberian culture is Latin, all right, but some of it may have been designed for the more tourist parts of South America, or for American Express. It breaks loose at both dinner and supper. Emilio Reyes' band, which gives the customers, too, a chance to tango, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances, which go on for hours, are just as much by fury possessed. ... In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. ... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed in wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at three and nine.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stan Getz, his horn a mourning dove, is the kingpin of his quartet; Bob Pozar's trio is also in attendance. Sunday matinees from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gerry Mulligan, a Prince Valiant, blows hard and clear at the head of a dedicated quartet of modernists; the Limeliters deal blandly and not very seriously with our country music. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A young folks' home for old (and new, too) folk music. Miriam Makeba brings her imperial but infectious majesty to bear on Africana; Lucho Navarro and Tom Paxton live closer to home. Jazz sessions Mondays. ... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): How the other half thinks that Greenwich Village lives, and maybe does. Among the crowd onstage is Oscar Brand, whose repertory of folk music is often much brisker and saltier than the conventional nursery rhymes. They are all off Tuesdays. ... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, keeper of a Colonial drum-and-bugle corps, rambles along in the company of such men as Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, et al, Dick, and Harry; Curtis Knight's quartet clamors for attention when they are at rest. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, in which Dick Wellstood has found a home, is wishing it were in Dixie. Closed Sundays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Maynard Ferguson's itinerant band of skirling dervishes is unloading its cargo of *crise-de-nerfs* modern music. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Philly Joe Jones and his band are part helter and part skelter; Jackie Byard's trio does the rest of the music. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A British point of view is aired by the Ronnie Scott-Ronnie Ross sextet, which is supplemented by the sax of Zoot Sims. On Tuesday, June 25, they'll be displaced by Walt Dickerson's quartet. Closed Mondays. ... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's pastoral clarinet rides on top of the sound waves set up by his small band of loyal traditionalists. Closed Sundays. ... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse given over to forward-looking musings. So many vanishing acts are booked that there's no use forecasting, but Thelonious Monk's quartet and Mose Allison's trio are presumably on hand every night but Monday. ... **THE EMERERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dizzy Gillespie's quintet is making the noise here, along with Bob Sims' trio. Saturday, June 22, is the night they withdraw; on Monday, June 24, Jonah Jones' quartet and Bill Dowdy's trio check in. Closed Sundays. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, the first French Algerian pianist to come this way, is not at all bound by any tradition. Two sidemen work with him. Howard Reynolds is the interlude pianist. No music Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in this Fifty-second Street Memorial Institute; on Fridays and Saturdays he is joined by Danny Barker's trio. No music Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

**LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC**—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**PAUL DELVAUX**—Paintings by the Belgian Sur-

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realist; through July 12. (Staempfi, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SAM FRANCIS**—Abstract oils and lithographs by this American, who works in Paris; through Friday, June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**ANTONIO FRASCONI**—Lithographs and color woodcuts; through Friday, June 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**HENRI MICHAUX**—Ink drawings and water colors; through Friday, June 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**MARIO MICOSI**—Etchings of Italy; through Friday, June 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

**ANNA NEAGOE**—Semi-abstract figures, landscapes, and still-lives; through Saturday, June 22. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

**AUGUSTE RODIN**—Seventy sculptures and thirty-eight water colors in an exhibition that coincides with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Wednesday, June 26. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

**JACK ROTH**—Black-and-white drawings; through Friday, June 28. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

**MIRIAM SCHAPIRO**—Imagist paintings; through Friday, June 28. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**DAVID SMITH**—Drawings, 1953-63, by a leading American sculptor; through Friday, June 21. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA**—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred American and European paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SCULPTURES**—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pieces by Leonard Baskin, José de Rivera, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and others; through Saturday, June 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Naum Gabo, James Rosati, Fritz Wotruba, and seven other sculptors; through Saturday, June 29.

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Lee Bontecou, Nasso Daphnis, and Gerald van de Wiele; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The gallery artists, among them Georgia O'Keeffe, Isami Doi, and William Zorach, in a mixed-mediums show; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **GRAHAM**, third floor,

1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fabric banners (wall hangings) by Marisol, Alfred Jensen, George Ortman, and others; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Karl Schrag, William Kienbusch, and Robert Laurent are three of the artists represented in a showing of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century artists, including Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and George Luks, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Ernest Fiene, and Waldo Peirce; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **ROKO**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Participants in a painting-and-sculpture show include Herbert Kallem, Walter Williams, and Ann Freilich; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, John Singer Sargent, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **STABLE**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, Richard Stankiewicz, and three others; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Beach scenes by early-twentieth-century painters, among them Thomas Anshutz, George Bellows, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, June 22.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (1700-1963) by Arthur G. Dove, Aubrey Beardsley, and Jean-Pierre Dantan (to name a few); through Friday, June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by John Wesley, Friedel Dzubas, François Arnal, and others; through Friday, June 21. ... **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Iumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through July 26. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) ... **STEIN**, 24 E. 81st St.: A dozen artists (including de Kooning, Picabia, and Schwitters) make up the roster of an exhibition entitled "Painters of the Avant-Garde, 1909-49"; through Saturday, June 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Two groups of paintings, one by young Americans (Alex Katz, Vincent Longo, and others) and the other by contemporary Americans and Europeans (Franco Assetto, Hans Hartung, Antonio Music, and others); through July 13. (Closed Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Rodin showing (ending Wednesday) at the Slatkin Galleries, 115 E. 92nd St. ... "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—"Gold of



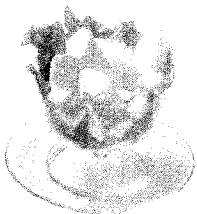




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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a collection of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo, of Lima; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Evolution of the Buddha Image," various conceptions of Gautama Buddha on loan from museums and private collections in the United States, Europe, and Asia; through June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Paintings," consisting of Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and book-bindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection," through July 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Ralston Crawford, Reuben Nakian, Josef Albers, and others), acquired during the past year by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and by the Museum; through June 30. . . . An exhibition of contemporary prints executed by, among others, Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Adja Yunkers for the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center; through June 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES**—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Morton Gould conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday and Friday, June 20-21, at 8:30 (with Carol Brice, contralto, and the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas); and Saturday and Sunday, June 22-23, at 8:30 (with Patricia Wilde and Royes Fernandez, ballet dancers, and Danny Daniels, tap dancer).

**AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY**—A program of seven short operas, including Mark Bucci's "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and Gerald Cockshott's "Apollo and Persephone." (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Preview Sunday, June 23, at 9. Thereafter, Monday, June 24, at 8; Tuesday through Friday, June 25-28, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 29, at 6 and 9.)

**LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS**—The Stadium Sym-

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phony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 10—Tuesday, June 25: Alfred Wallenstein conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . Wednesday, June 26: Alfred Wallenstein conducting; no soloists. . . .

Thursday, June 27: Alfred Wallenstein directing an all-Beethoven program, with Heidi Krall, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Walter Carringer, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . Saturday, June 29: Robert Irving conducting a program entitled "Shakespeare and Music," with Irene Jordan, soprano, and Basil Rathbone, narrator. (Lewisoohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

**CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS**—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.)

**RIVERSIDE PARK CONCERTS**—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts. (Monday, June 24, at 8:30.)

**NOTE**—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday through Friday, June 25-28, at 8:40, and Saturday, June 29, at 3 and 8:40.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, June 20, at 1:30. . . . Yankees vs. Mets, Thursday, June 20, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot-baseball, postponed from June 3). . . . Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 28, at 8, and Saturday, June 29, at 2. . . .

**POLO GROUNDS**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 21, at 8; Saturday, June 22, at 2; and Sunday, June 23, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 25, at 8, and Wednesday, June 26, at 2.

**BOXING**—Charley Scott vs. José Stable, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811, Saturday, June 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Joey Giardello, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Monday, June 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**GOLF**—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Thursday through Saturday, June 20-22.) . . . Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Old Westbury Golf and Country Club, Old Westbury. Monday through Friday, June 24-28.)

**POLO**—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7. . . .

**BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS**, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**RACING**—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, July 2. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22, and the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. Weekdays, a boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

**SOCCER**—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 23, at 2:15: West Ham United vs. Valenciennes and Recife vs. Kilmarnock. . . . Wednesday, June 26, at 7:30: P. Munster vs. Mantova and Recife vs. West Ham United. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, June 29, at 10.

**TENNIS**—**AMATEUR MATCHES**: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Through Sunday, June 23.) . . . Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 22, through Sunday, June 30.) . . . **PROFESSIONAL MATCHES**: U.S. Professional Grass Court Championship. Pancho Gonzales, Ken Rosewall, Rod Laver, Earl Buchholz, Lew Hoad, Tony Trabert, Pancho Segura, and Alex Olmedo. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, BO 3-8080. Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29, at 1, and Sunday, June 30, at 2.)

**TROTTING**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

**YACHTING**—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport Race, Saturday, June 22.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, June 21), as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—June 20, at 5:30 and 8: "Rich and Strange" (1932), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry. . . . Starting June 21, showings at 5:30; on Saturdays and Sundays at 3 also: "The 39 Steps" (1935), with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)





## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**THE BALCONY**—A shocking picture, but one well worth being shocked by. Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and admirably acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 26.)

**CLEOPATRA**—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aida" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**DAVID AND LISA**—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Two troubled children are affectingly portrayed by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva is the doctor who helps. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 26.)

**DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE**—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**DR. NO**—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through June 25. . . . 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 26.)

**FREUD**—An ardent, honest, but implausibly glib account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring a frightened-looking Montgomery Clift. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 25.)

**HEAVENS ABOVE!**—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**HUD**—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon de Wilde. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikely and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**—John Huston in top directing form in a nice, complicated thriller, with a cast that includes George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, and a number of passing stars in heavy disguise. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through June 25.)

**THE LONGEST DAY**—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 26.)

**THE L-SHAPED ROOM**—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a dozen other skilled performers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**THE MIND BENDERS**—A British science-fiction thriller that unluckily ravel out into soap opera. Dirk Bogarde and Mary Ure make a nice donnish couple, and the setting is elmy

taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 21-24.)

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 26, tentative.)

**THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 25.)

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS** (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 20.)

**IF I HAD A MILLION** (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 24, last showing at 3:20.)

**LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of people moving as if dragged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

**LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (1961)—De Lacroix's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through June 24. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25. . . . New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 26, evening performances only.)

**NINOTCHKA** (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 21-24.)

**NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE** (1961)—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 26, evening performances only.)

**SAPPHIRE** (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

**SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

**SONS AND LOVERS** (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE** (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a disheveled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; June 21-23.)

**SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 20.)

**VIRODIA** (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

**VOLPONE** (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 25.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

Oxford. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3377; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 25.)

**MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday through Wednesday, June 22-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**NEVER LET GO**—The ubiquitous and, this time, iniquitous Peter Sellers, in a hard-boiled tale of London crooks. With Richard Todd. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**SANJURO**—A blood-and-thunder account of how virtue triumphs over evil in what purports to be nineteenth-century Japan but might as well be Graustark. Wittily directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

**SPARROWS CAN'T SING**—Joan Littlewood's first crack at directing a movie, and it's a triumph. Comic carryings-on in the lower depths of London, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor as a couple of Cockney lovers who are also more or less husband and wife. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE**—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 25.)

**TWO DAUGHTERS**—Satyajit Ray has directed a couple of trifling tales of Indian village life with such loving attention to the look of things that what takes place, or fails to, scarcely matters. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 25.)

**THE UGLY AMERICAN**—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**WINTER LIGHT**—If God exists, Ingmar Bergman is put out with Him. If He doesn't exist, Mr. Bergman is put out with himself. Either way, we who can watch on film a great director's examination of man's fate are very fortunate. A sad movie, marvellously acted. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 23.)

**THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**—Peter Sellers as the head of a London mob and the proprietor of a fancy dressmaking establishment. Attractive nonsense, with Sellers in fine form. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 23.)

## REVIVALS

**ANNA KARENINA** (1935)—The Garbo triumph. Also with Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 26, tentative.)

**THE BIG STORE** (1941)—The Marx Brothers



## THE BROADWAY AREA

- ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
- CINERAMA**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)
- CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)  
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.
- DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)  
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)  
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
- MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
- NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)  
Through June 24: LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French), revival.  
From June 25: "8½" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée.
- PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)  
Through June 25: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.  
From June 26: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.
- PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)  
HUD.
- RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
CLEOPATRA.
- STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.
- TOHO CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)  
SANJURO (in Japanese).
- VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
To be announced.
- WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
Through June 25: THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.  
From June 26: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

## EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through June 25: TWO DAUGHTERS (in Bengali).  
From June 26: DAVID AND LISA.
- NEW CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)  
Through June 25: "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.  
From June 26: LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French), revival; and NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE, revival.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)  
Through June 25: "Horror Hotel," Dennis Lotis; and "The Head," Horst Frank.  
From June 26: THE LONGEST DAY.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through June 25: SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).  
From June 26: THE BALCONY; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
- KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)  
Through June 25 (tentative): "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.  
From June 26: To be announced.
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)  
Through June 25: DR. NO.  
From June 26: "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian).
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
Through June 25: THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.  
From June 26: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
HEAVENS ABOVE!
- TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)  
THE UGLY AMERICAN.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)  
Through June 25: THE MIND BENDERS; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.  
From June 26: "King Kong vs. Godzilla," and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
DAVID AND LISA.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |    |    |    |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED  
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)  
HUD.
- CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)  
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
- CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)  
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
Through June 23: WINTER LIGHT (in Swedish).  
From June 24: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
Through June 25: FREUD.  
From June 26: DR. NO.
- TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)  
Through June 22: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day.  
June 23-25: "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.  
From June 26: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan.
- 72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
"The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through June 25: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.  
From June 26: THE LONGEST DAY.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
Through June 25: THE MIND BENDERS; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.  
From June 26: "King Kong vs. Godzilla," and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
Through June 22: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli.  
June 23-25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.  
From June 26: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.

## WEST SIDE

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)  
June 20: GREAT EXPECTATIONS, revival; and TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE (silent).  
June 21-24: NINOTCHKA, revival; and THE BIG STORE, revival.  
From June 25: GRAND ILLUSION and VOLTONE (both in French and both revivals).
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)  
June 20: "The King and I," revival, Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.  
June 21-23: A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, revival; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.  
June 24-25: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.  
From June 26: DR. NO; and "When Comedy Was King," revival, a film made up of excerpts from old movies.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through June 25: "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna.  
From June 26 (tentative): ANNA KARENINA, revival; and THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
Through June 23: THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.  
From June 24: "The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
Through June 22: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne,

- James Stewart; and "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli.
- June 23-25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.  
From June 26: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through June 25: SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).  
From June 26: THE BALCONY; and "The Beginning Was Sin" (in German).
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)  
Through June 25: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.  
From June 26: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
NEVER LET GO.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)  
Through June 23: To be announced.  
From June 24: "The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
- FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)  
From June 25: "8½" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée.
- TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
"In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)  
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)  
"Black Fox," a documentary film on Adolf Hitler, with a narration by Marlene Dietrich.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)  
Through June 22: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli.  
June 23-25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.  
From June 26: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)  
Through June 24 (last showing at 2:10): IF I HAD A MILLION, revival; and "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew.  
June 24, at 6, 8, and 10: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (silent), John Barrymore; and "The Lost World" (silent).  
From June 25: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine; and "The Big Sleep," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
- SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
Through June 25: THE MIND BENDERS; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.  
From June 26: DR. NO; and "The Last Time I Saw Archie," revival, Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
June 20: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.  
June 21: THE CRANES ARE FLYING (in Russian), revival; and SONS AND LOVERS, revival.  
June 22: VIRIDIANA (in Spanish), revival; and SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French), revival.  
June 23: LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French), revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman.  
June 24: SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (in French), revival; and "Whistle Down the Wind," revival, Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.  
June 25: LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French), revival; and "End of Desire" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.  
June 26: SAPPHIRE, revival; and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)  
Through June 25: "Horror Hotel," Dennis Lotis; and "The Head," Horst Frank.  
From June 26: "King Kong vs. Godzilla," and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
- MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)  
Through June 25: SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).  
From June 26: THE BALCONY.



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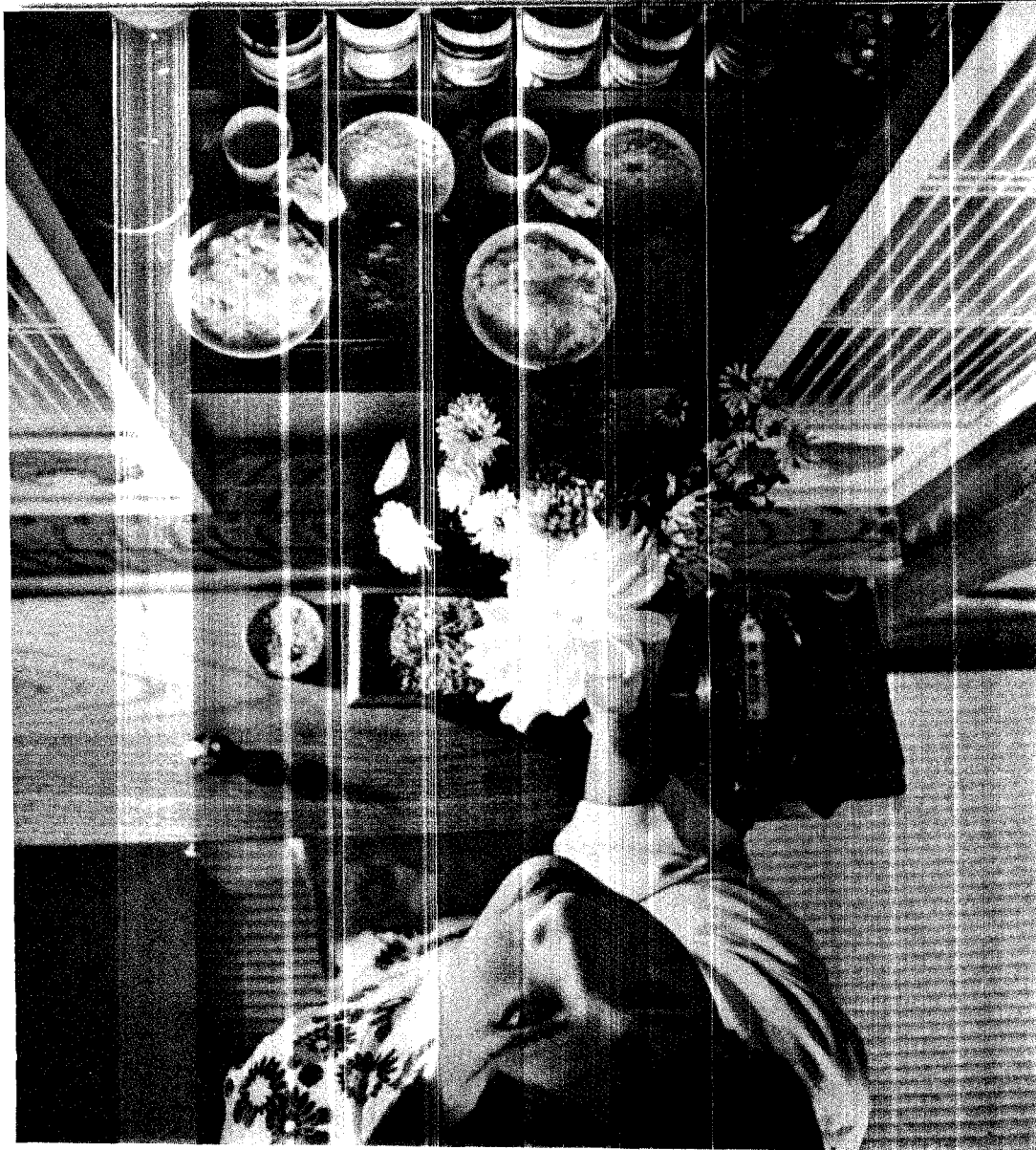
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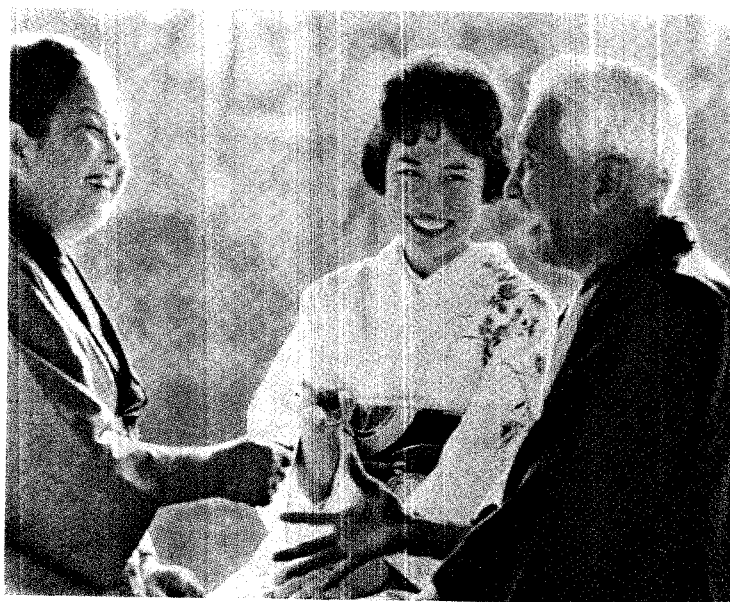


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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

THE fact that the country's first serious dialogue on civil rights in a century began around graduation time seems to us instructive. We were reminded by the many statements on the urgency of the situation that have been included in Commencement speeches, traditional vehicles for the platitude and the cliché, how quickly the dialogue could turn into cant and how easily the action that is called for could be confused with rituals that have no relevance to an American who is crippled by his color. All of us were given a particularly tragic lesson in distinguishing the ritualistic from the real last week when in the space of fourteen hours the country passed three landmarks in its painful efforts to meet its own standards. First, Governor George Wallace, of Alabama, with his lips compressed and his back stiffened, like some stubborn schoolboy determined to go through with a childish dare, stood in the doorway of an auditorium at the University of Alabama and—microphone strapped around him, script carefully prepared—"turned away" two Negro students who were already using the dormitory rooms assigned to them by the university and who by the time the Governor permitted their admission had eaten lunch in the university dining hall and chatted amiably with their classmates. Our own first reaction was much like that of Deputy Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, the federal official who was on hand to be barred by the Governor. He said, "I don't know what the purpose of this show is." How could anybody fail to wonder what connection the performance had with the conditions causing street demonstrations in a dozen American cities or with the education of Vivian Malone and Jimmy Hood, who are, as President Kennedy said in his speech that evening, simply "two clearly qualified young Alabama residents who happened

to have been born Negro"? We had to wonder about the relevance of President Kennedy's need to federalize seventeen thousand National Guardsmen so that a general rather than a Deputy Attorney General could ask the Governor to move aside. Even the President's speech, vital and often eloquent though it was, sometimes seemed detached from the crisis. That "we are confronted primarily with a moral issue" is precisely what some Negroes have been urging Mr. Kennedy to say ever since his inauguration, and what, from the time of the Supreme Court decision in 1954, they vainly asked President Eisenhower to say. But then, as President Kennedy noted, the issue "is as old as the Scriptures and is as clear as the American Constitution," and "the heart of the question is whether all Americans are to be afforded equal rights and equal opportunities." The importance of Mr. Kennedy's speech—that, after nine years, a President was finally moved to remind the citizens that their country is morally committed to equality—was at first lost for us in the reflection that, phrase by phrase, the speech could have been written by compiling the basic truths that the President had been asked to reiterate, and, phrase

by phrase, it did not differ greatly from the Commencement speeches reported in the same newspapers during the past week—or the Fourth of July speeches that will be reported in them next month. Then, a few hours after the President had finished his speech and after Governor Wallace, his day in the sun and the television lights over at last, had returned to his capital, Medgar Evers, the N.A.A.C.P. field secretary for Mississippi, was murdered in Jackson. For the first time in those startling fourteen hours, through the ultimate relevance of a man's life, it was made clear to us that the confrontation in Alabama, bizarre as it was, was no mere circus, and that the President was not merely appeasing his critics when he acknowledged that "we face a moral crisis as a country and as a people."

### The Pedestrian

WHEN the New York City Traffic Department announced that it was launching a program of mass therapy this month to deal with "such underlying mental attitudes as hostility, tension, and exhibitionism, which often lead to dangerous behavior in traffic," we immediately consulted Leo Wilensky, the director of the Pedestrian League of America and the champion of the man on foot. Mr. Wilensky's pockets were bulging with pertinent clippings and past and future issues of the *Pedestrian League Newsletter*, all implying that in spite of the revelations of psychology, physics, philosophy, anthropology, and common sense, the pedestrian is as much of an underdog as ever. He read to us from a copy of the *Newsletter*, "An anthropological-psychiatric analysis is one not too often heard. We all still live in the world of magic and are caught in the delusion of happy manipulation of nature. The modern tribe drives around in mechanized cars and becomes a megalomaniac sorcerer of the wheel. Millions of victims are





brought to the altar of the god Speed. . . . The engine and the gadget have replaced the more mysterious amulet of earlier days. Knowledge is still in the service of power instead of in the service of understanding.' Actually, it was Dr. Joost Meerloo, the psychiatrist, who said that."

Mr. Wilensky sadly recalled the League's early days, in 1960. "We were on the radio, on television, in movies, in magazines and newspapers all at one time," he said. "We received letters, invitations to speak in Philadelphia. Then there was a blackout. Everything stopped. I just can't forget it. The automobile industry, it's a billion-dollar industry. The fact that most of the daily press censors and distorts the news in the industry's favor shows how powerful it is. That's a terrible kind of news management. The high-school graduate

knows what 'automobile' means, and 'speed,' but he doesn't know 'pedestrian.' People are auto-obsessed and brainwashed. In '1400 Governments,' Robert Moses is quoted as saying that cars will eventually take over everything. He criticizes 'pedestrian thinking.' Pedestrian thinking is supposed to be old-fashioned. Somebody said to me the other day, 'You're right, but you don't compare with the problems of peace and disarmament and Negro civil rights.' Of course. But *all* these groups are necessary."

Mr. Wilensky slowed down for a moment, then went on, "Just as we are the only anti-speed group, we're also the Number One group for public transportation. It's a serious thing. The non-motorist pedestrian is affected by this breakdown in public transportation. People are forced to drive private cars—

even those who don't want to, or can't afford to. There seems to be a conspiracy to hurt public transportation, even by those who run it. And parkways—roads within parks! It seems funny that road builders should be in charge of parks. These auto interests represent billions of dollars, and they have their finger in everything. *We* think it's a negation of the whole idea of parks and recreation. People have to have an incentive to walk; they don't want to do anything unless they have to. A group has been formed in New York City. Their idea is an idea that we've propounded—the idea of neighborhood parks that people can walk to. We see many of our ideas actually taking hold."

Mr. Wilensky glanced at the *Pedestrian League Newsletter*, seeking support. He found it, and read to us:

"'Outdoor Group Sees Car Menace. More and more, our roads are being built without any lanes for pedestrians, even village streets often have no sidewalks. The blight has invaded suburbia. And now, in the city, you must wait for the lights, and even then, the turning cars toot their horns at you and wave you back. There are now over forty thousand automobile fatalities a year, hundreds of thousands of deforming injuries; millions are shaken up and nerve-racked. When shall we call a halt? . . . Supreme Court Justice Douglas led a hike along the defunct Chesapeake and Ohio canal to protest the building of auto roads there. . . . Get those fiendish cars out of our way in New York, in New Haven, Newark, and Philadelphia!'"

Mr. Wilensky turned back a page or two and found a quotation from Max Beerbohm: "'Nor do I dispute the proposition that Speed in itself is no danger. A cannonball fired from a cannon is not in itself dangerous. It is dangerous only if you happen to be in the way of it. You would like to step out of its way; but there is not time for you to do so. Perhaps it would like to stop short of you; but it can't: It is going too fast.'"

We complimented Mr. Wilensky on the Beerbohm quotation, and he plucked up another clipping. "I'm getting hoarse," he said. "There was a letter to the *Times* recently from a man who said that the right to park is like breathing and eating. I don't



"Before we go any further, let's run through the argument again and see if perhaps I didn't misunderstand one or more of your points."



know. It struck me as so funny I couldn't stop laughing. It shows the typical thinking of these people. In anything, if you want to rent space or storage you have to pay for it, but the motoring public has been so used to getting everything for nothing. Space is valuable and costs money, especially in a city, an urban area. Especially public space. No other group is interested in pedestrian crash injury, or the pedestrian suffering from the destruction of public transportation and parks. I doubt if a pedestrian group could ever be as strong as the Consumers Union, but the fact that everybody is a consumer doesn't mean they don't need a group to speak for their interests, and the same is true for pedestrians. The automotive groups have government bureaus. Nobody, nobody anywhere, speaks for the pedestrian. And hardly anybody speaks for public transportation. But it is impossible to refute scientific ideas and scientific truth, and scientific views all confirm what we . . . Well, the pedestrian can be detached, the only one who can mentally rise above this whole mess he sees, the road that we're going down. The cities are in hot water. Eventually, whether they want to or not, they will have to do something about the damage that has been created. It's inevitable, even if not in our day."

Mr. Wilensky folded his clippings and walked away.



*"Well, not one penny of her one million seven hundred thousand dollars plus ten per cent of the gross is coming out of my pocket!"*

**I**NCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Sperling Sales Company, of Los Angeles, distributes Natural Sweet Sliced Yellow Freestone Peaches, which are artificially sweetened.

### Cold

**W**E will remember, come summer, when those long, muggy days begin, that down on Fourteenth Street, just east of the Hudson, lies a latter-day Les Halles—New York's wholesale meat market—where life is going on at a brisk, refrigerated thirty-two degrees and thermal underwear is perpetually *haute mode*. Marketing with John Bruno, who owns the Pen & Pencil steakhouse and had invited us along on one of his beef-buying sprees, we recently spent a chilly but informative afternoon there. We met up with Mr. Bruno at noon at the warehouse of Edward Davis, Inc., where he had already passed a pleasant morning poring over the hindquarters of some hundred Black Angus steers as they were trolleyed off a truck, fresh from a New Jersey abattoir. The restaurateur, a

large, hearty Italian with a penchant for hot sun, was dressed, in accordance with Fourteenth Street deep-freeze protocol, in two sweaters, a plaid windbreaker, an alpaca-lined raincoat, a butcher's smock, a woollen muffler, and a heavy velours hat, which was pulled down tight over his ears. "Borsalino," he said, whacking a particularly well-marbled flank with a copper Pen & Pencil stamp as it went by on the trolley. "Twenty-five years old. Very good for the cold."

Howard Wieland, the president of the Davis company, joined us and pointed to the hound's-tooth Sherlock Holmes hat on his own head. "Real butchers wear these," he said. "They only cost three dollars, and when they get dirty you just toss 'em away." At that moment, Edward Seh, Jr., the wholesaler next door, strolled over and was introduced to us. Wieland absent-mindedly pushed a few hinds down the trolley line and then went on, "We dress in layers here, but even so my butchers sometimes catch cold."

"That's because they don't concentrate the warmth in their feet, where it counts," Mr. Seh said. "I wear three

pairs of thermo-socks and insulated space shoes. Haven't been sick in years." He shuffled away.

It was time for more shopping. Mr. Wieland, cutting a path between crates of new spring chickens, led the way into his main refrigerator, a lugubrious affair lined with icy pipes and strung with all manner of carcasses. Ducking under some lambs that were swinging from the ceiling, we came face to face with a rack on which sirloin shells chosen by Bruno the week before were aging under giant fans. Bruno glanced lovingly over his cache, poking, every so often, at the hard, open loins of the hinds. "See that?" he said. "The meat has settled and won't give to the touch. That means good steaks."

Wieland thereupon snapped his fingers, and two apprentice butchers pulled over a trolley hung with Black Angus and Whiteface hinds. Charging with their shoulders, the pair brought each hulk of meat up to Mr. Bruno's eye level.

"No!" Mr. Bruno exclaimed, obviously pained by the looks of Hind-quarter No. 1. "Bad marbling," he explained to us. "Marbling is the most



important thing in a steak. It must be smooth, fine, even—not too little of it, not too much. Also, the fat covering the hind must be white, never yellow. Ah, now here is a beautiful piece of meat!" He turned to Hindquarter No. 2, which, it happened, was evenly grained and encased in the very whitest of fat. He patted the flank appreciatively.

"Looks like one of Lee's," Wieland remarked. "Lee is one of the finest cattle feeders around. He works a stockyard in Chicago. Feeds the steer the best cracked corn—about two bushels a day—mixed to his own secret formula."

"You never go wrong with Lee's animals," Bruno agreed, stamping Hindquarter No. 2. "So many steers—even prime steers—get chemically fed these days and wind up with disgraceful marbling. A terrible waste."

Wieland nodded. "I cut about three hundred and fifty hinds a day," he said. "All prime. And I can tell you the really beautiful pieces are getting rare. Isn't that so, John?"

"Absolutely," said Bruno, who was deliberating on the merits of a third hind, which he finally smacked with his copper stamp. He smacked, all told, seventy-six hindquarters that day. Each one, he said, would yield him roughly eighteen pounds of sirloin and filet mignon. Given the fact that a good hind weighs some two hundred pounds, we calculated that about a hundred and eighty-two pounds of flesh went by the board whenever Bruno chose a piece of meat. "I use the fat off the filet mignon for frying onion rings, but the rest is really out of the question," he said with considerable pride.

"Louie will show you just what John takes," said the accommodating Mr. Wieland, waving forward a gentleman approximately the size, the shape, and, in his white coat, the color of an igloo. This was Louie Burger, King of the Butchers, Wieland said.

"The best butcher in the United States," Bruno added, deferentially tipping his Borsalino.

Louie, who was modestly twirling a chain of hooks, knives, and hack saws, blushed and then grinned. Without a word, he went straight to work, selecting an especially terrifying hook from his collection and using it to swing one of Bruno's fat new hinds deftly down onto a wooden carving bench. Humming as he worked, Louie, in five minutes flat, turned the hind into a small, neat pile of sirloin steaks and filet mignons, adding, for good measure, a few thin strips of flank. Seven other

butchers, who had come in to watch, applauded him.

"Nice job, Louie," Bruno said.

Louie bowed.

**C**HALKED inscription found on a bright June morning on a Central Park pavement near the Reservoir:

The little wee flower  
With the soft new dew,  
Shows what I most dower,  
Which is my love for you.

### Integrated Thought

**I**N the theatre, irreverence is often the better part of valor, and the most irreverent theatrics around town this season are on order down at the Premise, Greenwich Village's improvisational-satire cabaret, where an integrated troupe calling itself the Living Premise in Living Color lets loose nightly with a repertoire of such alarmingly titled sketches as "The Emasculation of Militant Negro Organizations by White Northern Liberals," "The Negro Sexual Myth," and two companion pieces, "The White Fink" and "The Negro Fink." Shortly before their opening, we dropped by the new colorists' Bleeker Street basement headquarters and found them in rehearsal, extracting final ironies from some ancient and all too familiar racial bugaboos. Godfrey Cambridge, whom we recognized from his days in "Purlie Victorious," was sitting on one of the Premise's Brobdingnagian building-block props talking technique to Diana Sands, whom we recognized from her days in "A Raisin in the Sun." Three other players, in a sprawling conference on the stage, were compiling a list of "sick interracial situations." Ted Flicker, the bulky and bearded Premise impresario, introduced them as Calvin Ander, Jo Ann Le Compte, and Al Freeman, Jr., adding that the pretty young woman hopping back and forth, barefoot, over the splintery floorboards was Joan Darling, his co-director and a Premise trouser herself, and that the girl traipsing after Miss Darling, her

pen poised over a legal pad, was Nancy Solomon, his harried secretary.

"We just noodle along, as you can see," Flicker said, taking a Row A seat and tugging once or twice at his goatee. "We rehearse by probing at scenes—and we sometimes get a line, sometimes don't." He smiled sympathetically at Miss Solomon, who was speed-writing away. "Nancy takes down everything that happens here. Her notes become a kind of script, which we read back, cut, and then use as a point of departure for new improvisations on the same theme. This goes on and on, until we're satisfied. The scripts are entirely the product of the people on the stage; they emerge, especially in these integrated situation scenes, from the feelings of actors and actresses who care about the world."

"My father will *loathe* you. Kiss me, Fred," Miss Sands said suddenly to Mr. Ander, who had been napping on his building block.

"And my mother—my mother will cry for years," murmured Mr. Ander romantically. Sick interracial courtship, we inferred, had just been chosen as sick interracial situation of the day.

We were right. Miss Darling leaped onto the stage and called happily to the cast, "You've got it! It's good! You're talking hate!"

Flicker thereupon motioned to Miss Solomon, who dutifully jotted down the repartee. "This scene," he explained, "began as a dialogue between a married couple—a Negro woman, a white man—who were using the social tensions inherent in their situation to feed their own immaturity. Then, gradually, in rehearsals, the nature of the improvisation changed, and we ended up, today, with a courtship scene. You'll see that the attraction between the boy and the girl here depends entirely upon everybody else's disapproval. In fact, later in the improvisation, when all the parents relent and give their blessings, the romance falls apart."

"Diana and Calvin found they were more at home in this sort of situation than in the married-couple scene," Miss Darling said, flopping down next to us. "They felt it. They sensed its possibility—even its reality. In one way or another, we have *all* encountered false love based on hate."

"Mother will disown me," came the voice of Mr. Ander.

"Kiss me, Fred. My father's going to take *me* out of college," Miss Sands said.

"Cut!" called Flicker, and, leaving Miss Sands and Mr. Ander in a clinch on Mr. Ander's building block, he dis-







"Cheese."

patched Miss Solomon to type the script to date. The players disentangled. Flicker watched them admiringly. "These kids," he said to us, "believe that this is the most important work being done by actors—especially Negro actors—in America today, this letting race relations happen publicly. Real dramatic integration—the integration of thought—is actually possible only in improvisation, when all responses are quick, personal, and honest, and not the products of afterthought."

"We talked and talked *and* talked before starting these rehearsals," Mr. Cambridge said as he ambled off the stage. "We connected. We got to trust each other, to listen and to trust."

"Then, when we did begin work," Miss Darling said, "we found we were able to explore our prejudices—on both sides—really deeply, and with enormous mutual respect."

Flicker turned to Mr. Cambridge. "What do you think, Godfrey? *Are* we being honest? *Are* we reacting to each other without restraint?"

Mr. Cambridge chuckled. "Not quite, but we sure are getting there," he said.





*"For God's sake, Emma! They wouldn't think twice about eating you!"*



## THE MAN ON THE TRACTOR

THEY were the fabulous Denisons, Pammie and George.

There was a time when Booth Tarkington and Louis Bromfield, who had never met the Denisons, were called upon to admit or deny that they had used the Denison family in certain novels. By letter and in person the novelists tried to make it clear that they had relied on invention, and though coming close to the facts of the Denison family, they had not been assisted by a knowledge of the Denison history, past or present. A letter from a Gibbsville lady to F. Scott Fitzgerald went unanswered, and the lady and her friends agreed that Fitzgerald did not dare deny that the automobile accident in "This Side of Paradise" was right out of life. Why, even the car was the same as George Denison's old Locomobile. True, George Denison had run over a man on the Boston Post Road, but obviously Fitzgerald had made that change to confuse people. And if Daisy in "The Great Gatsby" was not patterned after Pammie Stribling Denison, the lady from Gibbsville would eat your hat. For instance, Pammie Stribling, as everyone knew, had been madly infatuated with Johnny Gruber, the qualified assistant pharmacist at Hudson's drugstore. Same initials as Jay Gatsby's; and wasn't Gatsby somehow mixed up in patent medicines or something? Fitzgerald would not have had a leg to stand on, and he was pretty smart not to answer those letters. He wouldn't have had a leg to stand on. How absurd of Booth Tarkington to pretend he had not patterned the Ambersons after the Denisons; how ridiculous of Louis Bromfield to protest that the Shanes were not more or less based on the Denisons.

Regardless of the denials and the non-denial, the legend of the Denisons as literary source material went into the Gibbsville lore, along with the firmly held belief that Lichtenwalner's ice cream was famous the world over and that the town was the richest per capita of all third-class cities east of the Mississippi. As it happens, Lichtenwalner's has gone out of business, and little is said these days of per-capita wealth in Gibbsville; but owing in part to the Fitzgerald revival the Denison legend has persisted. Men and women of a certain age have told their children that not only Fitzgerald, but Booth Tarkington and Louis Bromfield, too, wrote stories about the Denisons. It has been denied that Scott and Zelda ever visited Gibbsville, but the denials have grown weak-

er, and it is certainly true that Pammie and George did once have as house guests a screwy couple with an Irish name who could very well have been the Fitzgeralds. The man was short and good-looking and insisted on playing the drums at a club dance; the woman stayed in her room all the time she was at the Denisons'. Walter Spiker, the Denisons' best friend, would have been able to say for sure whether it had been the Fitzgeralds, but Walter, alas, was dead. Long dead, and during the last five years of his life had lost the power of speech. If Walter had had any literary ability *he* could have written about the Denisons—and how! He knew more about the Denisons than the Tarkingtons and Bromfields and Fitzgeralds all put together, and he would have got it right.

Pammie and George were in town not long ago, stopping at the John Gibb Hotel, but they saw only a very few people. Their reservation at the hotel was handled by a clerk, who wrote out a slip for M & M Geo. Dennison. The name meant nothing to him, but the request for the reservation had come from a reputable travel agency in New York. When Mr. and Mrs. Denison arrived at the hotel, the clerk saw only a man and woman who were pretty sure of themselves in a hotel lobby, with four pieces of expensive foreign luggage; the woman in a tweed suit with a little cape on the shoulders, the man in a striped gray flannel suit and a reversible tweed-and-gab topcoat over his arm. "Checkout time is 3 P.M.," said the clerk.

"Is it indeed?" said the man, signing the registration card.

"But an extra hour, I guess we won't

charge you a full day," said the clerk.

"I'm sure of it," said Denison. "Maybe even two hours."

"I don't know about *two* hours. It's our—"

"I do," said Denison. "Will you see that my car's washed and serviced, highest gas, and back here in an hour, please? It's the green Bentley. The bellboy knows. But I want *you* to see that I have it back in an hour."

"I'll try," said the clerk.

"You do a little better than try, won't you?" said Denison.

"Let's find out if there's a hairdresser in the hotel," said his wife.

"Is there?" said Denison.

"No sir, not in the hotel. There's one around the corner to the right, three doors to the right. Our switchboard will connect you."

"Dear, it's twenty of three," said Denison to his wife. "You go on upstairs. I'm going over and see Andy Stokes before the bank closes. I'll only be a few minutes, but I don't want to miss him."

The mention of the name Stokes had as much impact on the clerk as the name Bentley. "If there's anything I can do, sir."

"There is. Will you send up a bottle of Scotch, any good Scotch that you have, and a bottle of sherry. Bristol Cream. And the Gibbsville papers."

"There's only the one paper in the afternoon."

A man had come up behind Denison during the exchange with the clerk. The man fully recognized Denison, but he allowed himself the protection of a feigned uncertainty. "Isn't this George Denison?" said the man.

Denison turned. "Yes it is," said Denison.

"George, you don't remember me, it's such a long time and all," said the man. "Karl Isaminger? Used to drive for your Aunt Augusta, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Why, I *didn't* recognize you, Karl," said Denison.

"Hello, Karl," said Pammie Denison.

"Hello, Mrs. Denison."

"What are you doing now, Karl?" said Denison.

"Oh, I'm the night man at Coleman's Garage."

"Coleman's? I don't know that name."

"Used to be Jimmy Brady's that had the Studebaker agency."

"Uh-huh. Aren't you up rather early for a night watchman?"

"Oh—I can't stay in bed more'n six hours at the most. I had this operation





three years ago the twentieth of May. You remember Doc Robbins, or was he since you left town?"

"Must have been after my time. You living here at the hotel, Karl?"

"Ah, you, George. Living *here*? No, I come in here to buy a magazine. Gives me something to read at work, and when I get finished with it the wife likes to look through it. The print's a little small for her, but she says her glasses gives her a headache. Won't wear glasses. I said to her—"

"Dear, if you're going to get to the bank before it closes, I hate to interrupt but—" said Pammie Denison.

"Oh, excuse me, I didn't—"

"That's all right, Karl," said George Denison. "You can walk to the bank with me, if you like."

"No, I wouldn't do that, George. I just wanted to come up and say hello to you and Mrs. You're both looking fine. I'd of known you anywhere. Remember the old Pierce-Arrow, Mrs. Denison? 'Karl, go fetch Pammie Stribling,' Mrs. Hamilton used to say. Remember when you used to come and

play the piano for the old lady? Rainy days, she used to like you to come play the piano for her."

"Oh, do I? Shades of 'Country Gardens.' Dum-dum tee dum-dum, dum-dum tee dum. But always followed by hot chocolate and *sand* tarts."

"I remember them sand tarts," said Karl Isaminger.

"So do I," said George Denison. "Mrs. Hamilton used to send them to me at school. But this isn't getting to the bank. Karl, nice to see you. Remember me to your wife. Dear, I'll see you in about an hour or less."

"Don't hurry, George," said Pammie.

"The sand tarts had little pieces of citron in the middle," said George Denison. "Some had pecans, but I preferred the citron." He left them.

ANDY STOKES was expecting him. They had had correspondence over the years, and Andy Stokes was one of the few Gibbville citizens who occasionally saw the Denisons. When the pleasantries were over, Stokes rang

for his secretary. "Miss Arbogast, will you bring me the papers on the Denison sale?" said Stokes.

"Certainly," said Miss Arbogast. She smiled at George Denison, who had already greeted her in the outer office.

Andy Stokes sat back in his chair. "It's kind of sad, George," he said. "I don't mean how little you're getting for the property. I guess your tax man has that all figured out for you. But this land is your last link with Gibbville."

"Except for my stock in this bank," said George Denison.

"Well, that, of course. I hope you never part with that," said Stokes. "But that's not the same as actual land. That land's been in the Denison family close to a hundred years. I had a look at the title search, naturally, but I hadn't realized how long you'd held it. Do you know what I wish?"

"What do you wish, Andy?"

"Well, I wish you and your tax man could figure out some way to donate the land for a playground, a park, something on that order. And continue the Denison name."

"My tax man would much rather have me take the money," said George Denison.

Miss Arbogast came in with the papers, laid them on Stokes's desk, smiled again at Denison without looking at him, and departed.

"Yes, I suppose he would. That was just a sentimental thought I had," said Stokes. "Considering how little you're getting for the land. If it was a big deal I never would have thought of it, but what's eighteen thousand to you?"

"I don't know, but my tax man does. He said to unload it, and I'm unloading it."

"Well, I wouldn't give *him* an argument. From the correspondence I've had with him, I'd say he was as smart as a tack. Doesn't miss a trick."

"He's kept me out of prison, that's as much as I know," said George Denison.

"O.K., George. All you have to do now is sign your name on these papers, where you see the check mark. Miss Arbogast will notarize them and I'll have one of our people witness them. Here's your check. It's made out to the Denison Land Company. Want me to forward that to Longstreet?"

"Yes, will you please?" said Denison, busy with Stokes's desk pen.

"The last transaction of the Denison Land Company," said Stokes. "In the old days an occasion like this would call for some kind of a celebration."

"Well, we're not exactly celebrating, Pammie and I, but we decided



"Could you give me a dime for Dial-A-Prayer?"



to make the trip. They sure have done a lot of things to the roads around here. The town is practically bypassed. What ever happened to South Main Street? We never did get on South Main. And these God-damn one-way streets. I almost got a ticket. If I hadn't had a Connecticut license, the cop at Main and Scandinavia was going to slap me with a summons."

"That was Paul Keppler. He's tough."

"Oh, God, is that who that was? The big fat baby-faced guy? That would have been appropriate. His father arrested me back in 1920 or thereabouts. But he took a look at my driver's license and let me go. He never said who he was, or pretended to know me. 'Just watch the signs,' he said, and waved me on."

"You can be damn sure he knew who you were, though. We think he's the best cop on the force. He graduated from the F.B.I. school, and he's the only one the kids pay any attention to."

"There," said George Denison, laying down the pen. "I guess that does it." He picked up the check, read it, and put it back on Andy Stokes's blotter. He found that Stokes was looking at him, half smiling, trying to read his mind. George Denison smiled back and shook his head. "No, Andy, I'm not going to cry," he said.

"Maybe not, but for just a few seconds it hit you," said Andy Stokes.

"I suppose so," said George Denison.

"I'll tell you who we're having to-night," said Stokes. "Out of deference to your wishes we kept it small. We couldn't get Joe and Verna. Joe's in Philadelphia, having a big operation. Cancer. It doesn't sound so good, either. Verna told Alice that we might as well be prepared for the worst. So they're out. But we did get Stubby and Jean."

"That's good."

"Stubby and Jean. Bob Rothermel and Cynthia. That's two, four, six,



*"It goes that way because it's downhill."*

eight. And Henry and Ad. There won't be much drinking with that group. Stubby's been on the wagon five or six years. Henry is A.A., very active in it. Bob still likes to put it away, but Cynthia only drinks a little wine at dinner. Alice never did drink, as you know, and I limit myself to two before dinner, usually a bourbon-on-the-rocks."

"What about Ad, and what about Jean?"

"Ad is A.A., too. Jean is unpredictable. She's on and off the wagon from one month to the next. She may arrive tonight with the blind staggers. On the other hand, she may not take a drink. It all depends. You knew their daughter had to be put away?"

"No, I didn't. Was that Barbara?"

"Barbara, yes. Bobbie. Oh, yeah. It was a tragic thing. She cut her wrists, and another time an overdose of sleeping pills. Some guy in Wilkes-Barre she was crazy about, so they said. Stubby went on the wagon, but Jean still ties one on. They sold their house, and

then Stub was out of a job for over a year. He's got something now. Henry gave him a job at the brewery as a sort of a coördinator with the advertising agency."

"Stubby? He's a civil engineer."

"He's not the only guy with a Le-high degree that's doing something altogether different. Do you remember Chuck Rainsford?"

"Sure. General superintendent of the Dilworth Collieries. I used to play golf with Chuck."

"Not any more. I'm afraid he's come down in the world. He gives a course in geology at the adult-education setup we have here. Two nights a week. They pay him something like a hundred and fifty dollars a term, and he tells me he's glad to get the money."

"I've seen him bet that much on a single putt," said George Denison. "Haven't you any good news, Andy?"

"Well, you know how it is. The good news is always less spectacular. Let me think. Of those coming to-night? Henry and Ad's oldest grandson



ran for the state legislature and nosed out the Democrat."

"That's always good to hear," said George Denison.

"Well, it's a start," said Stokes. "Let me think, now. Cynthia's taken up painting, but I don't know whether you'd classify that as good news, exactly. It's what she calls non-representational. In other words, not supposed to represent anything—and believe me, as far as I'm concerned, it doesn't. Both their kids have moved away. Young Bobby is a test pilot for one of the big aviation companies in California. The daughter married a fellow from Chicago and they're living out there. The husband is with Continental, the bank. There's no money here, George. Not the way we knew it. We're losing population, a thousand a year. The town is back to where it was in the 1910 census, and no new industries coming in. These people that are buying your land, they'll put up a supermarket and a big parking lot, but sure as hell that's going to be the end of some more of the smaller stores. And if they lease the rest of the land to a drive-in movie, which is what I understand, that'll close down one of our movie theatres. Banking isn't much fun any more, the hard-luck stories I have to listen to. When I first started working here I used to hear a lot of crazy schemes that we had to turn down, but at least there was some imagination at work. Not any more. It's the fast buck, the quick turnover, build as cheaply as possible, take your profits and get out. Some of our people drive as much as fifty miles to work and fifty back. Car pools. Our biggest cash depositor, week to week, used to be the old Stewart department store. Now do you know what it is? The numbers racket. A few of our old friends have made some money in the stock market, but that's not here. That's New York and Philadelphia, and representing industries as far away as California."

"That's enough good news for one day," said George Denison.

"I know, and I have to live with it three hundred and sixty-five days a year. If there was only some way we could reduce the population and become a small town, with enough work for everybody. I wouldn't mind being a small town again. But I'm a banker, and I have to keep up this pretense, like

## THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GROWING EVER MORE STATELY, MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW EAST WING

While they were moving statues from under the weeping beeches,  
We were lightly lunching on cottage cheese and peaches.  
We watched them through the trees, through hornbeams and white birches,  
Cart away "Four Bronze Reliefs" in stops and jerks and lurches.  
Already gone were "Totem Pole" and Prinner's "Evocation,"  
"Freya," "Torso," "Métro Entrance," Vagis's "Revelation."  
As Maillol's two-ton river nymph was hoisted from the water,  
She didn't show the least dismay at what the fates had brought her.  
The "Family Group," by Henry Moore, remained demurely seated  
While its passage to the terrace on a dolly was completed.  
Proud Balzac never looked around or let his shoulder sag  
When the workmen roughly stuffed him into a plastic bag.  
At the gleaming picture window by our table hung a card on  
Which we read, "Please do not touch the sculpture in the garden."  
But, Messrs. Barr and d'Harnoncourt, Peter Selz, and others,  
Philip Johnson, Dorothy Miller, and Rockefeller brothers,  
It's not, remember, you who, nude, risk digital exposure;  
It's the statues, and, as we've seen, they do it with composure.  
Feeling sculpture just by sight and not with fingertips  
Is like dining at Le Pavillon with tape across your lips.  
Your new East Wing might just as well have posted in its halls  
The sister text "Please do not view the pictures on the walls."

—P. S. Wood

a booster. Well, in three more years I retire. A banquet at the hotel, a silver cigarette box, and the responsibility passes on to one of those young fellows you see out there. He's welcome to it."

"I've been away too long, you've stayed here too long," said George Denison.

"That's about the size of it, I guess," said Stokes. "Yes, I guess that's just about the size of it."

"I must be going, Andy. I'll see you a little later."

"Mike will let you out. You remember Mike Kelly? If you don't, he'll remember you. Used to pitch in the Twilight League, and was on the police force. About our age. He'll appreciate it if you remember him—and so will I."

Mike Kelly was waiting to unlock the heavy plate-glass door. His eagerness to be recognized was almost a supplication.

"Hello, Mike," said George Denison.

Mike Kelly put the door key in his left hand and shook hands with George

Denison. "George, it's mighty good to see you. You're looking great, George. Great."

"Well, you might be able to go nine innings yourself," said George Denison.

"You remember those days? You used to play under the name of—what was the name?"

"George Denny."

"George Denny," said Mike Kelly. "So you wouldn't lose your amateur standing. You could hit. You were a good hitter, George. There was a couple times there where you threw to the wrong base—"

"Never. I never threw to the wrong base in my life."

"Now you know you did, George. But when it came to hitting that apple, you had the power. There was only one pitcher could get you out. Marty Boxmyer, pitched for the Knights of Pythias. Marty was such a little guy and he had so much steam that you never knew where the ball was coming from. But outside of Marty, you could hit any pitcher in our league."

"Yes, I could even hit you, Mike."

"I'll admit it. I wasn't the greatest pitcher in the league. But there was very few could get a long ball off of me, when my sinker was going right. How long you gonna be in town, George?"

"Just overnight."

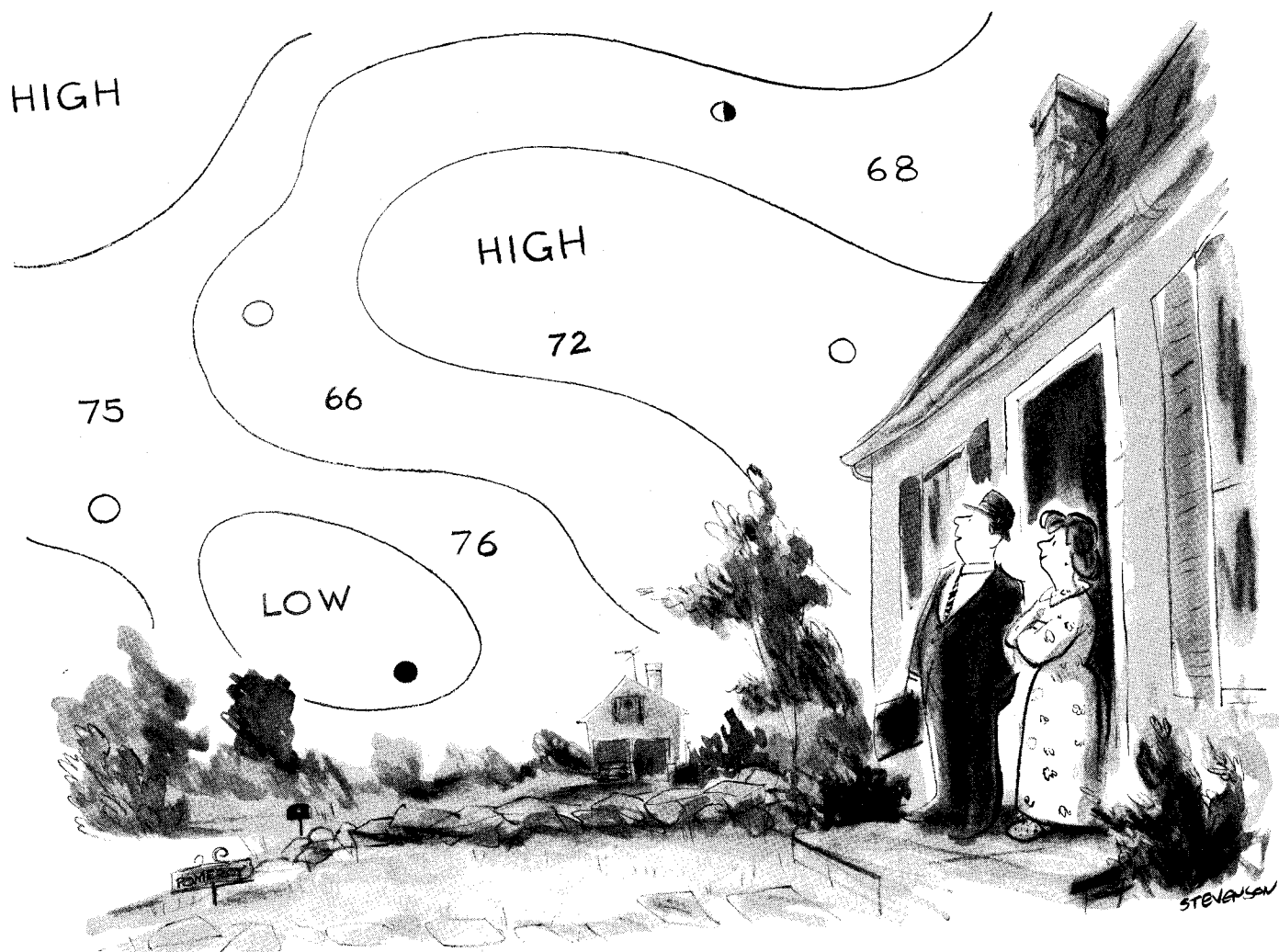
"Living in Connecticut, I hear. How's your missus?"

"Fine, thank you. And yours?"

"Passed away, George. I buried her







*"Looks like it's going to be a nice day."*

two years ago the sixth day of May. But I have eight grandchildren. Five boys to carry on the name. One of them at Villanova was scouted by a couple major-league clubs. He has three one-hitters to his credit, one of them against your old college alma mater. A two-to-one win against a good Princeton team. Pardon my ignorance, George, but you didn't have a son if I recollect."

"Two daughters, but one of the grandsons is on the Harvard crew."

"Well, that's good, George. You could of been a great athlete if it wasn't for that one thing. You know what I mean. I don't have to say it."

"I guess you must be referring to the suds," said George Denison.

"Not the suds. It was the hard stuff."

"I don't think it made much difference, Mike. I wouldn't have been much better, and I wouldn't have had as much fun."

"I used to try to lecture you," said Mike Kelly.

"Yes you did. Mike, it's nice to see you, and maybe I'll see you again before I leave. If not—keep the faith."

"You remember that, huh? Keep the

faith. So long, George. Glad we run into one another."

**B**ACK at the hotel, George Denison found his wife standing at the window, looking down at the traffic of Main Street. "I was watching you," she said. "You came all the way from the bank without being recognized. I was trying to remember the stores between here and Scandinavia Street. Do you realize there's not a one that used to be here that's still here? Not a one, in the same place. There may be some that moved."

"They didn't move. They closed. At least that's what I gather from Andy. Did you get an appointment with the hairdresser?"

"No. They wouldn't take me before tomorrow."

"Then let's go for a ride," said George Denison.

"Where to?"

"Oh—wherever old Dobbin takes us. I'll just wrap the reins around the buggy whip."

"What's this quaintness, all of a sudden? Old Dobbin? Did you ever know

anyone that had a horse called Dobbin?"

"I knew a girl that had a dog called Dobbin," said George Denison.

"She must have been terribly affected. I suppose she had a horse called Rover."

"Towser," said George Denison.

"Frankly, I don't believe it," said Pammie Denison.

"Come on, put your coat on while there's still daylight," he said.

She put on her coat and hat. "Did you really know a girl that had a dog called Dobbin?" she said in the elevator.

"I really did," he said.

"When?"

"During what we sometimes refer to as the Tommy Williams Period."

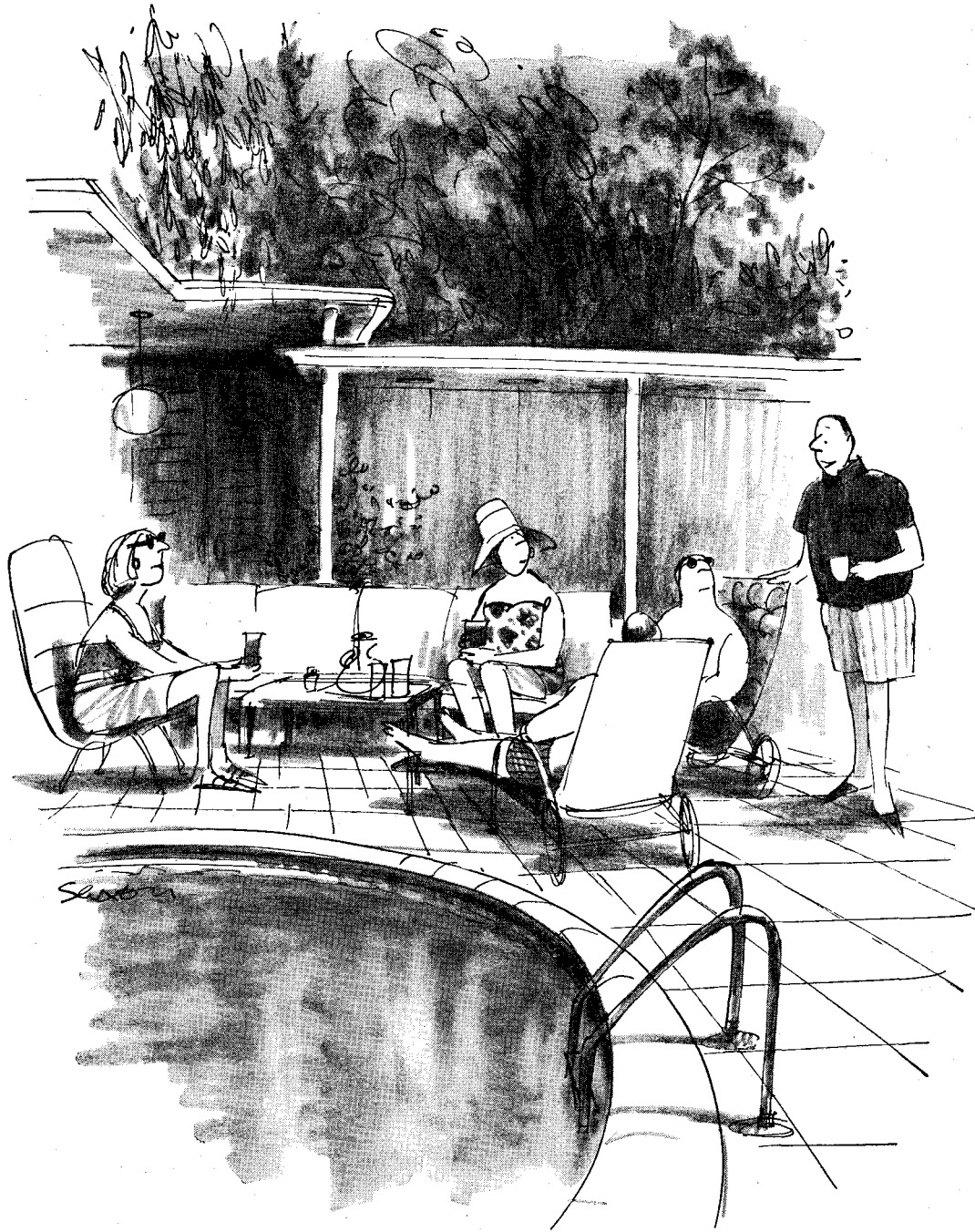
"Oh," she said, and in the presence of the elevator boy said no more.

The green car was at the door. They got in and he drove south on Main Street. "Who was the girl that had—"

"With a dog called Dobbin? What difference does that make now? She was never as important to me as Tommy Williams was to you."

"All right. I was just wondering whether she was one that I knew about





*"I'm Arthur Wincoop, from down the road. I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of chlorine."*

or one that you never mentioned. Where are we headed for?"

"You'll soon see," he said.

"Oh, then I guess I know," she said.

"Right," he said.

After a while he drove off the main highway and up into the hills, and presently he stopped the car on a township road, midway between two farmhouses. "Are you going to kiss me?" she said.

"Don't you think I ought to?"

"Yes I do," she said.

He kissed her on the lips, and when he drew away she was looking down at the floor, vaguely smiling. "That was very nice of you," she said.

"I feel rather self-conscious about it,"

he said. "But it's just about the only chance we'll get."

"Do you know something, George?"

"What?"

"After twenty-five years, twenty-seven, whatever it is, this is the first time I've really felt that you've forgiven me for Tommy Williams."

"Really? Well, maybe it is the first time. I don't know."

"I forgave myself a long time ago," she said.

He laughed. "I'm sure you did."

"Oh, it wasn't as easy as all that. A girl that's made a damn fool of herself—first she has to justify herself. Then she has to forget all about that

and start being honest with herself—if she can. And I did. And that was when I was harder on myself than you ever were. It was at least a year before I could forgive myself for what I did to you and to myself."

"I didn't realize it'd taken you that long," he said.

"I know you didn't. That's why today, just now, is the first time I feel that you've really forgiven me. All those years in between, you took me back and we've been nice to each other, but there's always been something missing. Why is that?"

"I don't know," he said. "I've had it in my mind that I wanted to come here, to this very spot where I first kissed you over forty years ago. And I planned to kiss you. Then on the way to Gibbsville I more or less gave up the idea. Oversentimental. Forced. Awkward. But then I saw old Karl Isaminger. Then I had a long talk with Andy and heard what's happened to people we used to love. To this town. Life has been awful to them, Pam, the town and the people, and it hasn't been nearly as bad to you and me. Not yet, anyway. But our luck will start running out. We're getting there. And I wanted to bring you here and tell you that I've always loved you. Here, where I told you the first time."

"Then what I felt was right," she said.

"Yes," he said.

"From now on I guess we have to be ready for anything," she said.

"Yes," he said. With the tips of his fingers he caressed the back of her neck. "And don't be depressed by what we see tonight, at Alice and Andy's."

"Thank you," she said. "I won't. Now."

"Here comes a man on a tractor," he said. "He thinks we're lost."

—JOHN O'HARA

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Hayward Jr., were called on the phone by their son, A2c Neil Hayward in Tokyo at 3:30 A.M. Monday which was 4:30 P.M. the same day, but later.—*Hanover (N.H.) Valley News*.

Anyway, they were in touch.



## THE GENTILE JEWESES

ONE day a madman came into my little grandmother's shop at Watford. I say my little grandmother, but "little" refers only to her height and to the dimensions of her world by the square foot—the small shop full of varieties, her parlor behind it, and behind that the stone kitchen, and the two bedrooms over her head.

"I shall murder you," said the madman, standing with legs straddled in the doorframe, holding up his dark big hands as one about to pounce and strangle. His eyes stared from a face covered with tangled eyebrows and beard.

The street was empty. My grandmother was alone in the house. For some years, from frequent hearing of the story, I believed I was standing by her side at the time, but my grandmother said no, this was long before I was born. The scene is as clear as a memory to me. The madman—truly escaped from the asylum in a great park nearby—lifted his hairy hands, cupped as for strangling. Behind him was the street, empty save for sunshine. He said, "I'm going to murder you."

She folded her hands over her white apron that lay over her black apron and looked straight at him. "Then you'll get hung," she said.

He turned and shuffled away.

She should have said "hanged," and I remember at one telling of the story remarking so to my grandmother. She replied that "hung" had been good enough for the madman. I could not impress her with words, but I was so impressed by the tale that very often afterward I said "hung" instead of "hanged."

I seem to see the happening so plainly in my memory it is difficult to believe I know it only by hearsay, but indeed it happened before I was born. My grandfather was a young man then—fifteen years younger than his wife and dispossessed by his family for having married her. He was gone to arrange about seedlings when the madman appeared.

My grandmother had married him for pure love; she had chased him and hunted him down and married him, he was so beautiful and useless. He never

went out to work and it has never occurred to me until now, at the moment of writing, to consider why, and immediately the question becomes spiritually disrespectful. The essential joblessness of my grandfather so adhered to his personality that even the odd jobs he did about the house and in the garden seemed to come under the heading of hobbies and recreations, his only ambition being to perform each of them well. My grandmother never cared at all that she had to work and keep him all his life. She was astonishingly ugly—one was compelled to look at her. In my actual memory, late in their marriage, he would bring her a rose from the garden from time to time, and put cushions under her head and feet when she reclined on the sofa in the parlor between the hours of two and three in the afternoon. He could not scrub the counter in her shop, for he did not know how to do it, but he knew about dogs and birds and gardens, and he had photography for a pastime. He said to my grandmother, "Stand by the dahlias and I will take your likeness."

I wished she had known how to take his likeness, because he was golden-haired even in my day, with delicate features and glittering whiskers. She had a broad pug nose, she was sallow-skinned, with bright black eyes staring straight at the world, and her dull black hair pulled back tight into a knot. She looked like a white Negress. She did not try to beautify herself except by washing her face in rain water.

She had come from Stepney. Her

mother was a Gentile and her father was a Jew. She said her father was a quack by profession and she was proud of this, because she felt all curing was done by the kindly manner of the practitioner in handing out bottles of medicine rather than by the contents.

I always forced my elders to enact their stories. I said, "Show me how he did it."

Willingly, she leaned forward in her chair and handed me an invisible bottle of medicine. She said, "There you are, my dear, and you won't come to grief, and don't forget to keep regular." She said, "My father's medicine was only beetroot juice, but he took pains with his manners, and he took pains with the labels, and the bottles were three-pence a gross. My father cured many an ache and pain—it was his gracious manner."

This, too, entered my memory, and I believed I had seen the glamorous quack doctor who was dead before I was born. I thought of him when I saw my grandfather, with his gracious manner, administering a tiny dose of medicine out of a blue bottle to one of his small colored birds. He opened its beak with his finger and tipped in a drop. All the little garden was full of kennels and sheds containing birds and flowerpots. The photographs he took there were not quite real to look at. One day, he called me Canary and made me stand by the brick wall for my likeness. The photograph made the garden look tremendous. Perhaps he was reproducing in his photographs the grander garden of his youth, from which he was expelled avengingly upon his marriage to





my grandmother, long before I was born.

After his death, when my grandmother came to live with us, I said to her one day, "Are you a Gentile, Grandmother, or are you a Jewess?" I was wondering how she would be buried, according to what religion, when her time came to die.

"I am a Gentile Jewess," she said.

During the time she kept the shop of all sorts in Watford, she had not liked the Jewish part of her origins to be known, because it was bad for business. She would have been amazed at any suggestion that this attitude was a weak one or a wrong one. To her, whatever course was sensible and good for business was good in the sight of the Almighty. She believed heartily in the Almighty. I never heard her refer to God by any other title except when she said "God bless you." She was a member of the Mothers' Union of the Church of England. She attended all the social functions of the Methodists, Baptists, and Quakers. This was bright and agreeable, as well as being good for business. She never went to church on Sundays, only for special services such as on Remembrance Day. She acted against her conscience only once, when she attended a spiritualist meeting; this was from sheer curiosity, not business. There a bench fell over onto her foot and she limped for a month; it was a judgment of the Almighty.

I inquired closely about spiritualism.

"They call up the dead from their repose," she said. "It vexes the Almighty when the dead are stirred before they are ready." Then she told me what happened to spiritualists after a number of years had passed over their heads. "They run up the garden path, look back over their shoulders, give a shudder, and run back again. I daresay they see spirits."

I took my grandmother's hand and led her out to the garden to make her show me what spiritualists did.

She ran up the path splendidly, with her skirts held up in her hands, looked round with sudden bright eyes, shuddered horribly, then, with skirts held higher so that her white petticoat frills flickered round her black stockings, she ran gasping back toward me.

My grandfather came out to see the fun, with his sandy eyebrows raised high among the freckles. "Stop your larks, Adelaide," he said to my grandmother.

So my grandmother did it again, with a curdling cry, "Ah—ah—ah!"

Rummaging in the shop one day, having climbed up on two empty fizz-pop crates, I found on an upper shelf

Elms are bad, sinister trees.  
Falling, one leaf too many,  
they kill small boys in summer,  
tipped over by a crow's foot,  
bored with the business of leaves.

An uneasiness attends  
dead elms—timber for coffins,  
ammunition boxes. And  
breakwaters. Bolts open sores  
of orange rust in their flanks,

and yet there is loveliness.  
Ultimate green of eelgrass  
soothes with the comfort of hair  
all the tiny agonies  
that crawl in hidden places

and sing when the tide is low  
and death is not imminent,  
scrabbling in an eczema  
of pink and white barnacles  
and mussels of midnight blue.

## BREAKWATERS

Terrifying as altars,  
by night black, a sea-Stonehenge.  
Filigrees of little wracks  
dance on them at high water  
in a devil dance. They change.

Their male look lasts a few tides;  
when the reek is washed away  
and the stubble is shaven,  
on a tall September night,  
the sea will take his new brides.

In his calm he will lap them,  
then batter their waists away,  
emphasize their Celtic heads.  
And when they are old and raddled,  
thin, thin as a Belsen arm,

they will stand bare and skinny  
and their stringent hard old hearts  
will disregard his knocking.  
Dour, malignant to the core,  
they will try to outlive him.

—TED WALKER

some old bundles of candles wrapped in interesting-looking literature. I smoothed out the papers and read, "Votes for Women! Why Do You Oppress Women?" Another lot of candles was wrapped in a larger bill, on which was printed an old-fashioned but military-looking young woman waving the Union Jack and saying, "I'm off to join the Suffragettes." I asked my grandmother where the papers came from, for she never threw anything away and must have had them for another purpose before wrapping up the candles before I was born.

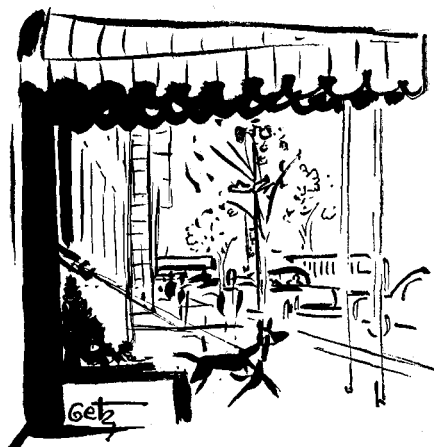
My grandfather answered for her, smiling away, "Mrs. Pankhurst's lark."

And so I learned the story of my grandmother's participation in the Women's Marches up Watford High Street, dressed in her best clothes, and I learned also my grandfather's opinions about these happenings and

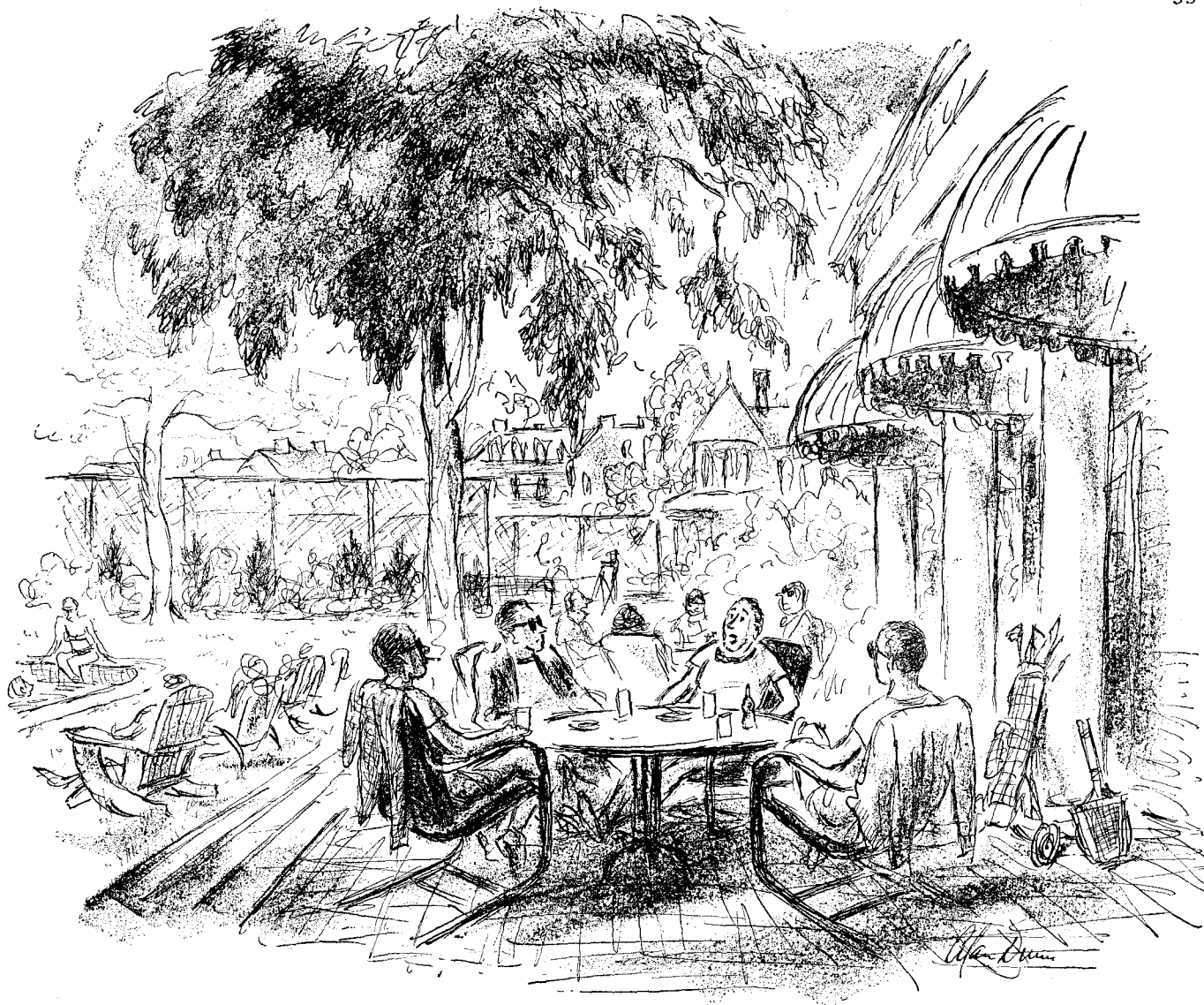
how he joined the Watford husbands in the pub, blood brothers in sardonic and joyful comment. I saw before my very eyes my grandmother and her banner marching in the sunshiny street with her friends, her white petticoat twinkling at her ankles as she walked. In a few years' time, it was difficult for me to believe I had not stood and witnessed the march of the Watford Suffragettes moving up the High Street, with my grandmother swiftly in the van, before I was born. I recalled how her shiny black straw hat gleamed in the sun.

Some Jews came to Watford and opened a bicycle shop not far from my grandmother's. She would have nothing to do with them. They were Polish immigrants. She called them Polacks. When I asked what this meant, she said, "Foreigners." One day, the mama foreigner came to the door of her shop as I was passing, and held out a bunch of grapes. She said, "Eat." I ran, amazed, to my grandmother, who said, "I told you that foreigners are funny."

Amongst ourselves, she boasted of her Jewish blood because it had made her so clever. I knew she was so clever that it was unnecessary for her to be beautiful. She boasted that her ancestors on her father's side crossed over the Red Sea; the Almighty stretched forth his hands and parted the waves, and they crossed over from Egypt onto dry land. Miriam the sister of Moses banged her timbrel and led all the women across the Red Sea, singing a song to the Almighty. I







*"The way I understand it, it means that now we can plant all the wheat we want."*

thought of the Salvation Army girls who quite recently had marched up Watford High Street in the sunshine, banging their tambourines. My grandmother had called me to the shop door to watch, and when they and their noise were dwindled away she turned from the door and clapped her hands above her head, half in the spontaneous spirit of the thing, half in mimicry. She clapped her hands. "Alleluia!" cried my grandmother. "Alleluia!"

"Stop your larks, Adelaide, my dear."

Was I present at the Red Sea crossing? No, it had happened before I was born. My head was full of stories—of Greeks and Trojans, Picts and Romans, Jacobites and Redcoats—but these belonged definitely outside my lifetime. It was different where my grandmother was concerned. I see her in the vanguard, leading the women in their dance of triumph, clanging the tambourine for joy and crying "Alleluia" with Mrs. Pankhurst and Miriam the sister of Moses. The hands of the Almighty

hold back the walls of the sea. My grandmother's white lace-edged petticoat flashes beneath her black skirt an inch above her boots, as it did when she demonstrated the spiritualists up and down the garden path. What part of the scene I saw and what happened before I was born can be distinguished by my reason, but my reason cannot obliterate the scene or diminish it.

**G**REAT-AUNTS Sally and Nancy, my grandfather's sisters, had been frigidly reconciled to him at some date before I was born. I was sent to call on them every summer. They lived quietly now, spinsters of small means. (In fact, I think they were widows, but they were spinsters to me.) They occupied themselves with altar flowers and the vicar. I was a Gentile Jewess like my grandmother, for my father was a Jew, and these great-aunts could not make it out that I did not look like a Jew. They remarked on this in my presence, as if I could not understand that they

were discussing my looks. I said that I did look like a Jew and desperately pointed to my small feet. "All Jews have very little feet," I claimed. They took this for fact, being inexperienced in Jews, and admitted to each other that I possessed this Jewish characteristic.

Nancy's face was long and thin and Sally's was round. There seemed to be a lot of pincushions on tiny tables. They gave me aniseed cake and tea every summer, while the clock ticked loudly in time to their silence. I looked at the yellow-green plush upholstery, which caught streaks of the sunny afternoon outside—I looked until I had absorbed its color and texture in a total trance during the great-aunts' silences. Once, when I got back to my grandmother's and looked in the glass, it seemed my eyes had changed from blue to yellow-green plush.

On one of these afternoons, they mentioned my father's being an engineer. I said all Jews were engineers. They were fascinated by this fact,



which at the time I thought was possibly true, with the exception of an occasional quack. Then Sally looked up and said, "But the Lingens are not engineers."

The Lingens were not Jews, either; they were Gentiles of German origin, but it came to the same thing in those parts. The Lingens were not classified as foreigners by my grandmother, because they did not speak in broken English, being all of a London-born generation.

The Lingen girls were the main friends of my mother's youth. There was Lottie, who sang well, and Flora, who played the piano, and Susanna, who was strange. I remember a long evening in their house when Lottie and my mother sang a duet to Flora's piano playing, while Susanna loitered darkly at the door of the drawing room with a smile I had never seen on any face before. I could not keep my eyes off Susanna, and got into trouble for staring.

When my mother and Lottie were seventeen, they hired a cab one day and went to an inn some miles away in the country, where they drank gin. They supplied the driver with gin as well, and,

forgetting that the jaunt was supposed to be a secret one, returned two hours later standing up in the cab, chanting, "Horrid little Watford. Dirty little Watford. We'll soon say goodbye to nasty little Watford." They did not consider themselves to be village girls and were eager to be sent away to relatives elsewhere. This was soon accomplished; Lottie went to London for a space, and my mother to Edinburgh. My mother told me the story of the wild return of carriage and horses up the High Street, and my grandmother confirmed it, adding that the occurrence was bad for business. I can hear the clapping of hoofs, and see the girls standing wobbly in the cab, dressed in their long spotted muslins, although I never actually saw anything but milk carts, motorcars, and buses, and girls with short skirts in the High Street—apart from such links with antiquity as fat old Benskin of Benskin's Breweries, taking his morning stroll along the bright pavement, bowing, as he passed, to my grandmother.

"I am a Gentile Jewess," she had told me.

She was buried as a Jewess, since she

died in my father's house, and notices were put in the Jewish press. Simultaneously, my great-aunts announced in the Watford papers that she fell asleep in Jesus.

MY mother never fails to bow three times to the new moon wherever she may be at the time of first catching sight of it. I have seen her standing on a busy pavement, reversing the coins in her purse—"turning over her money," as they say—with numerous cold, rational Presbyterian eyes upon her, bowing regardless, and chanting, "New moon, new moon, be good to me, And bring me presents, one, two, three." In my memory, this image is fused with her lighting of the Sabbath candles on a Friday night, chanting a Hebrew prayer, which I have since been told came out in a very strange sort of Hebrew. Still, it was her tribute and solemn observance. She said that the Israelites of the Bible and herself were one and the same because of the Jewish part of her blood, and I did not doubt this thrilling fact. I thought of her as the second Gentile Jewess after my grandmother, and myself as the third.

My mother carries everywhere in her handbag a small locket containing a picture of Christ crowned with thorns. She keeps on one table a rather fine Buddha on a lotus leaf, and on another a horrible replica of the Venus de Milo. One way and another, all the gods are served in my mother's house, although she holds only one belief and that is in the Almighty. My father, when questioned as to what he believes, will say, "I believe in the Blessed Almighty who made heaven and earth," and will say no more, returning to his racing papers, which contain problems proper to innocent men. To my parents, it was no great shock when I turned Catholic, since with Roman Catholics, too, it all boils down to the Almighty in the end.

—MURIEL SPARK



"They're inseparable."

#### THE CULTURAL HEIGHTS OF MEMPHIS

[From the *Memphis Hotel and Motel Greeter Guide*]

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A MUSTERING OF THE TROOPS

**D**IPLOMATS aren't alone in seeking disarmament. The public, too, sometimes takes a hand in this delicate, momentous endeavor, the best-known occasion being Britain's Aldermaston March, which has for six years been held over the Easter weekend, when thousands of marchers, in a kind of pilgrimage, have walked all or part of a fifty-mile route between the Berkshire town of Aldermaston and London in order to protest the possibility of nuclear war. When the March first took place, in 1958, Aldermaston was chosen as one end of the route because it was the site of Great Britain's Atomic Weapons Research Establishment. As a popular demonstration, the Aldermaston March, which I witnessed this spring, is unburdened by cares of state. Its deliberations are not hidden by carved, imposing portals, such as one finds at the Palais des Nations, in Geneva, where diplomats have for years been attempting to reach test-ban and disarmament agreements. The March's conference chamber is the open road, and its language, unconcerned with treaty clauses, is the simple hortatory one of slogans. The March, in short, represents the pure opposite of the diplomatic approach; it is a chance for ordinary citizens to voice their impatience with and distrust of international power moves. "We want to counter the uncertainties of clever, sophisticated politics with a moral quality," I was told in London the week before Easter by Hugh Brock, editor of the pacifist newspaper *Peace News* and a leader of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the organization that sponsors the March. "I'm not saying that politicians are evil, but the machinery of government does include military methods, and we're hoping to keep the finger off the button through popular protest." It was my curiosity about popular protest that had drawn me to England, for in its six years of existence the C.N.D., for better or worse, has come to symbolize the public outcry throughout the world over the undiminished arms race. The Aldermaston March has been copied in over thirty countries, and the procession I watched included Ameri-



cans, Germans, Irish, Pakistanis, Iraqis, French, Cypriotes, Indians, Kurds, Ghanaians, Swedes, South Africans, and Japanese, one of the last being a Buddhist priest who had travelled to Aldermaston from Hiroshima. Hundreds of C.N.D. members have been arrested since 1958 for staging sitdowns in front of important government buildings in London and at rocket bases, and for trying to block the runways of military airfields. "I don't believe that any of us have ever been arrested for assault," I was informed at Aldermaston shortly before the March began by Peter Moule, a bearded young man who is national secretary of the Committee of 100, one of the many groups that make up the C.N.D., but one that, unlike most of the others, believes in civil disobedience. "Sometimes a novice will resist the police in some way, but the rest of us, as we're being carried off to the van, will encourage him to stop struggling and go limp. That's the technique we use when the police pick us up. It dramatizes our belief in non-violence. One time when I was being arrested, I remember, one of the bobbies carrying me offered to pay my fine."

I was in Aldermaston at noon on Good Friday for the start of the four-day March. In a large, open field, thousands of people were assembling, many of them hoisting banners and placards bearing slogans that denounced nuclear war, fallout from bomb tests, and enormous outlays for armaments. ("Calories Not Catastrophes!" and "Activity with Us Today or Radioactivity Tomorrow!" were two that I recall.) The

crowd seemed predominantly youthful, although, I was told, the age distribution would broaden somewhat as the distance to London shortened. "Young people are far more aware of the implications of science than their elders are," I was told by Ritchie Calder, a professor of international relations at the University of Edinburgh and the vice-chairman of the C.N.D.'s Executive Committee. "This march expresses their sense of frustration about current politics." A few of the marchers were taking pictures of each other, and from here and there in the meadow arose the strains of

guitars and folk singing; a jazz combo warmed up furiously for a few minutes, apparently itching to get the show on the road. Over a public-address system, instructions to march in an orderly fashion and stay four abreast were being blared forth. A trickle of demonstrators shuttled to and from a nearby pub, some returning with glasses in hand.

A restless, uncertain air hung over the field, and as I watched, I reflected on the purposes of the March, at least as these had been explained to me by C.N.D. leaders in London. The underlying aim, I had been told, was to upset the current pattern of disarmament negotiations, which had so far produced nothing but a dangerous international stalemate. This hardening pattern, the C.N.D. felt, called for solvents in the form of "new elements" and "graduated initiatives," and these, in effect, came down to unilateral British atomic disarmament. If Britain withdrew from the so-called Nuclear Club, it was argued, the step might break up the impasse, and create momentum for disarmament everywhere. Certainly Britain itself stood to gain by quitting the misbegotten club, the theory went, since it could scarcely afford the extravagant dues, and this money could be freed for such badly needed public facilities as schools and hospitals. When I inquired about the presence of the Kurds, Pakistanis, Iraqis, and others whose governments had nothing to be unilateral about, I was told that they were on hand primarily to publicize the worldwide interest in disarmament.

My talks in London, however, had



left me with questions. For one thing, there appeared to be little interest in Britain's getting rid of conventional, or non-nuclear, weapons, which left an ambiguity as to the C.N.D.'s attitude toward disarmament in general. Far more important, to my way of thinking, was the absence of any plan for bringing about the resignation of other members of the Nuclear Club. There was some hopeful mention of this in the C.N.D.'s literature, to be sure, but that

was all. I looked in vain for details of ways to persuade other countries to adopt similar unilateral positions. And there was certainly nothing about any timetable for their doing so. Indeed, I encountered an almost diplomatic evasiveness on the part of C.N.D. leaders when I tried to discuss the implications of having the United States go unilateral before the Soviet Union did. This vagueness, as far as I could see, left open the main question with which the

nuclear powers had been grappling at thousands of conference sessions, in Geneva and elsewhere: namely, how to go about giving up weapons without inviting attack. I had been told by Vanessa Redgrave, the actress, who is an outspoken and active unilateralist, "I would not presume to suggest what other nations should do. It is difficult enough to communicate with one's own countrymen."

The plain fact is, as leading members of the C.N.D. admitted to me rather freely, the March and all the theorizing

back of it amount to a protest against a sort of world in which it is possible to look up every day and see planes that carry H-bombs flying about, to know that submarines are wandering underseas with similar cargoes, and to breathe irradiated particles from the Pacific, the Sahara, and Siberia. It is a protest so sweeping that it can be made on behalf of anyone, whether prime minister or porter, and this abstract quality, I gathered, sometimes leaves even its most ardent advocates with the feeling that they are tilting at windmills. One of them, a man who has spent months in prison for acts of civil disobedience, admitted to me that he felt a certain envy of Gandhi, whose doctrine of non-violence is an article of faith for many of the marchers. "Gandhi's objectives were limited, compared to ours," he said. "He was able to meet issues squarely. When he led his followers against British rule, he knew exactly who his adversary was. So does Martin Luther King today. We, too, resort to direct action, but we do so with divided minds. Some of us believe we should concentrate on the bomb alone, but others ask, 'Isn't the bomb merely one manifestation of a



"Well, here we go. Dog eat dog."





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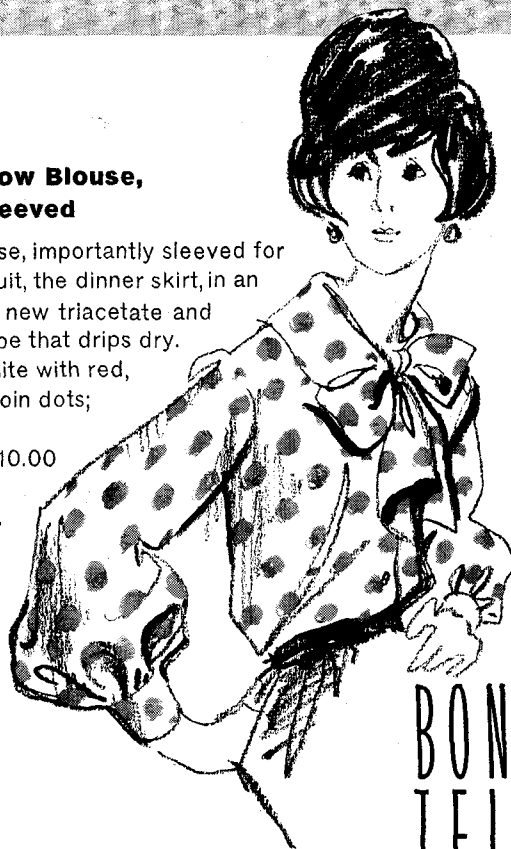
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sick society, and aren't our activities too narrowly conceived?"

WHEN the March finally got under way, in the early afternoon, under a pale, chilly sky, I watched much of it go by from a slightly elevated spot two or three hundred yards down the road from the assembly grounds. Standing with me were a few other spectators, including a reporter friend and an elderly lady who wore, for the gala day, several buttons bearing the drooping-cross symbol of the C.N.D. Behind us was a barbed-wire fence surrounding a group of ordinary-looking, low brick buildings—the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment. There were numbers of police about, seeing to it that the road, a narrow country one, was kept open to traffic. At the head of the parade was a gray van, the C.N.D.'s mobile headquarters, in the back of which I saw a cheerful-looking gray-haired woman, Mrs. Peggy Duff, secretary of the C.N.D.'s Executive Committee, whom I had met in London, and who had charge of the weekend's logistics. Not far behind the van, and keeping to one side of the road, slowly marched the three leaders of the procession, all of them people in their middle years, and all of them making their sixth March: Professor Calder, whose children, I had been told, were also marching, somewhere behind him; Canon Lewis John Collins, of St. Paul's Cathedral, chairman of the C.N.D. and a man active in many worthy causes, who was wearing his cassock; and Jacquetta Hawkes, the wife of J. B. Priestley, a handsome woman in a broad-brimmed maroon hat, who marched with a long, determined stride, her eyes shining as though fixed on some distant vision of glory. Among the marchers close behind these three was a smiling young man, his limbs useless, who was being pushed in a wheelchair, and several rows behind him there came a solid phalanx of standard-bearers, holding aloft scores of tall black banners on which rallying cries were printed in white. It was only after these massed flags had passed that I realized the length of the procession. It extended perhaps a mile—a long, wavy column that would have depressed a drill sergeant.

The composition of the parade, I now saw, was far more varied than it had seemed amidst the scattered activity in the open field. More older people were present than I had realized, many of them fit-looking, pink-cheeked men and women in tweeds and stout boots, who





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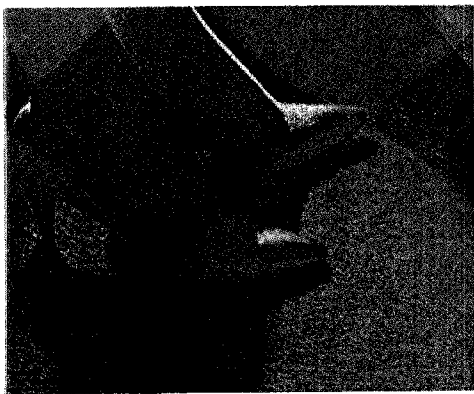
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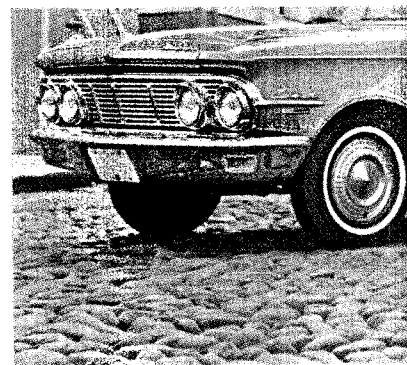
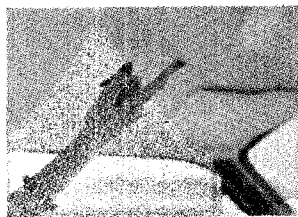
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advanced jauntily and gave the impression of having discovered the joys of the fifty-mile hike well before Robert F. Kennedy had. Whole families had turned out; in a dozen instances that I bothered to count, parents were guiding baby carriages over the uneven Berkshire road. So many different beliefs and points of view were represented by banners and posters announcing the affiliations of various groups of marchers that it was hard to see how all of these people could be drawn together for even a weekend. "Baptists on the March," proclaimed one banner. "The Bomb Does Not Suit Our Book," said another, borne by marchers with other banners that identified them as Christian Pacifists. Quakers, earnest and silent, were ranged behind "To Resist War Is to Uphold Human Dignity." The Buddhist priest came along, slowly and steadily beating a tambour, his movements unimpeded by his flowing orange robe. Episcopalians, Methodists, and Catholics were there, and so was a man who had thrust anti-Catholic literature on me back at the assembly grounds, identifying himself as a member of the National Secular Society. Communists, Conservatives, Labourites, and Liberals passed with their banners. The London Federation of Anarchists made its appearance, and the elderly C.N.D. woman next to me greeted them with a genial call of "Bomb throwers!" Perhaps the most ingratiating watchword I saw was "Woodcraft Folk Span the World with Friendship." An Esperanto group shuffled past, and so did one made up of theatrical people, and there were vast numbers of college students and dons. "Pax Potior Bello" was the learned motto of London University's Birkbeck College, and that of one of the Cambridge groups was "1945: Hiroshima; 1955: Cambridge in Ruins." It was the youth of the collegians and younger participants that gave the parade what cohesion it had, linking the disparate affiliations. Youth was wildly on display. It was from the young people that the parade drew its music, scores of youthful guitarists among them strumming away, providing accompaniment for boys and girls who sang heartily of strontium 90 and button pushers and Polaris missiles. There were even guitarists in reserve, since a number of marchers who weren't strumming had guitar cases strapped to their backs. For that matter, most of the marchers had something strapped to their backs—sleeping bags, bedrolls, knapsacks. Their dress was generally rough and practical, and in a great many instances also determinedly noncon-

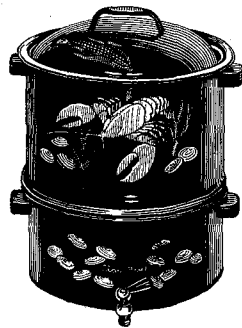
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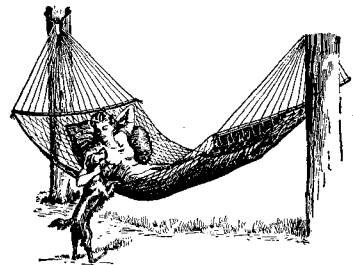


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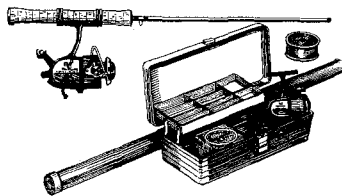
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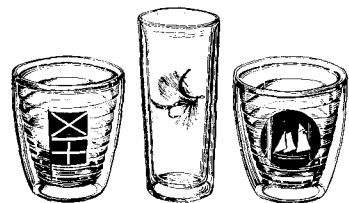
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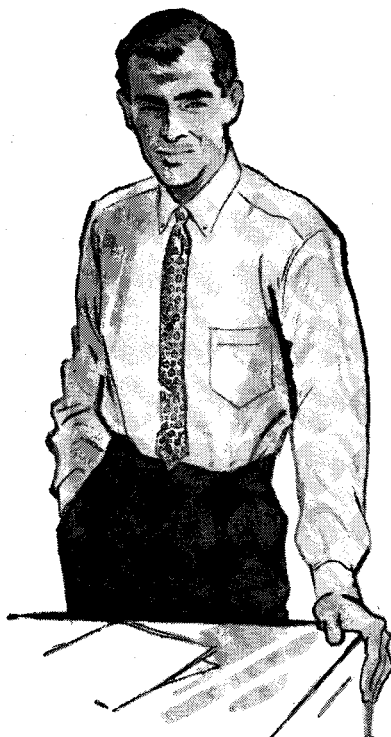
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formist; uniforms of blue jeans, zippered black windbreakers, and long, sharp-pointed shoes were to be seen everywhere. One teen-ager, marching behind a placard that read "We Don't Dig Doom," was wearing what may have been a hand-me-down from his father—an R.A.F. pilot's jacket, its brown leather scuffed and its fur collar moth-eaten. What little headgear there was consisted of battered fedoras and dusty derbies; nearly all these were sported by larkish members of occasional jazz combos. There was an immense quantity of hair to be seen, hundreds of male marchers looking as though barbers were their worst enemies. The beardless ones couldn't easily be told apart from their lipstickless girl friends. Numerous couples marched past with arms linked and knapsacks bouncing in unison. One couple embraced as they came into view, and the elderly C.N.D. lady next to me nodded approvingly. "It does people good, doesn't it, to see that nuclear disarmers aren't crabby old saints?" she said.

Together with my reporter friend, who had a car, I left my vantage point to find Mrs. Duff and ask her how things were going. We caught up with her where the van had halted, in a roadside clearing that was just beginning to be invaded for a tea break. During our chat, I asked Mrs. Duff, a practical, bustling woman without any Messianic airs, if she thought C.N.D. members were more concerned than other people with staying alive.

Mrs. Duff smiled. "Oh, no, not at all," she replied. "But people do tend to avoid facing up to the possibility of nuclear war. Besides, they don't believe there's anything they can do about the situation. Whatever you may think about the C.N.D., we're not guilty of that."

I asked what she thought of international negotiations as an approach to disarmament.

"The more effective they are, the better," Mrs. Duff said. "I'm not convinced, however, that it's best to rely on only one approach. Disarmament may be too complex for that. We want to create a climate of public opinion that will make it possible for political leaders to feel that they can realistically act in behalf of disarmament."

I mentioned the intellectuals who were active in the C.N.D.—philosophers, scientists, writers. Did she think, I asked, that they might be more usefully engaged in pondering disarmament ideas than in mere marching and sit-downs?

Mrs. Duff wasn't at all sure that

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thinking and marching excluded each other—and, in any event, she observed, no one joined the C.N.D. for purely cerebral reasons, least of all the kind of people I was talking about. “Intellectuals like to contribute unintellectually,” she said. “That’s their way of making a moral gesture.”

THE marchers’ destination that first day was the city of Reading, about ten miles northeast of Aldermaston, and my reporter friend dropped me there on his way back to London. At Reading, the marchers would be bedding down in twelve big rented tents, the largest of which, I was told, had done service with a circus; two thousand marchers would sleep under it on the ground, whose dampness would be slightly offset by strips of polyethylene. I had a leisurely meal in an empty restaurant, my sole company being Mrs. Duff’s thought that diplomacy alone might not be able to bring about disarmament. It reminded me that diplomats, for their part, had their feelings about popular pressure. Three years earlier, when I had been in Geneva, an American negotiator had paid it a sort of occupational compliment. “I find public agitation good for my morale,” he had told me. “I work better when I know that everyone’s interested in what I’m doing.” Just before going to Aldermaston, however, I had encountered a different diplomatic attitude. The diplomat in this instance was the Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whom I had called on in Downing Street, and he had told me that he thought disarmament discussions should be confined to the negotiating table. “If we thought that marching through the streets contributed to a disarmament arrangement, we would shake the hand of everybody in the C.N.D.,” the diplomat told me. “But that organization is the relic of a cranky fringe that started in the seventeenth century, when extreme Puritanism got out of hand. It’s made up of people who can’t see beyond one fixed idea, like certain constituents of mine who keep writing me about cruelty to tortoisés.”

I wandered about Reading awhile after leaving the restaurant, and then started up London Street, which I knew was on the marchers’ route. It was not an elegant thoroughfare, but it had a quiet, inviting broadness; its shops were closed for the Easter weekend, and a few residents, poorly dressed, were idling on stoops or looking out of the windows of parallel rows of drab three-story houses. I hadn’t gone very far

## SECRET OF VENUS

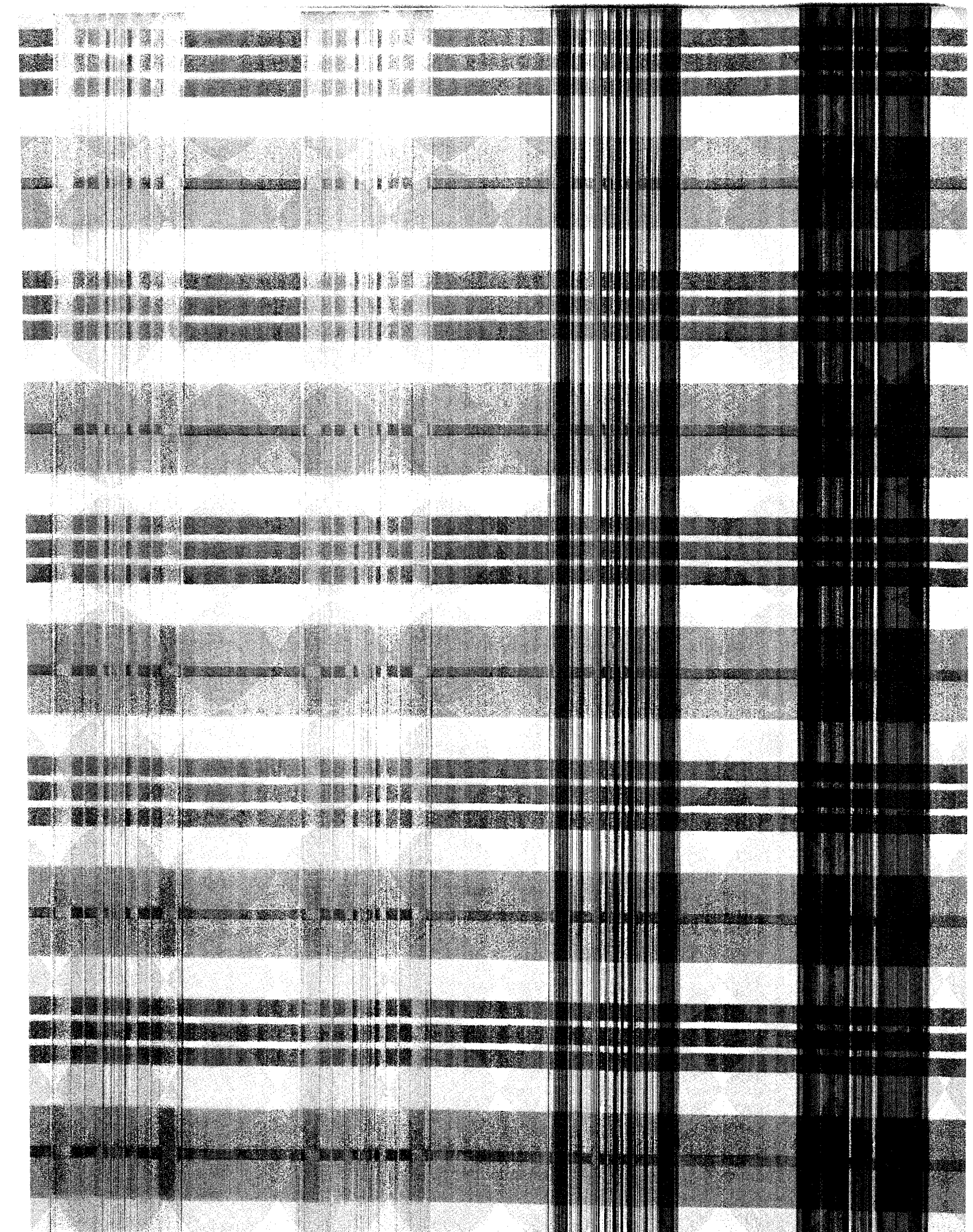
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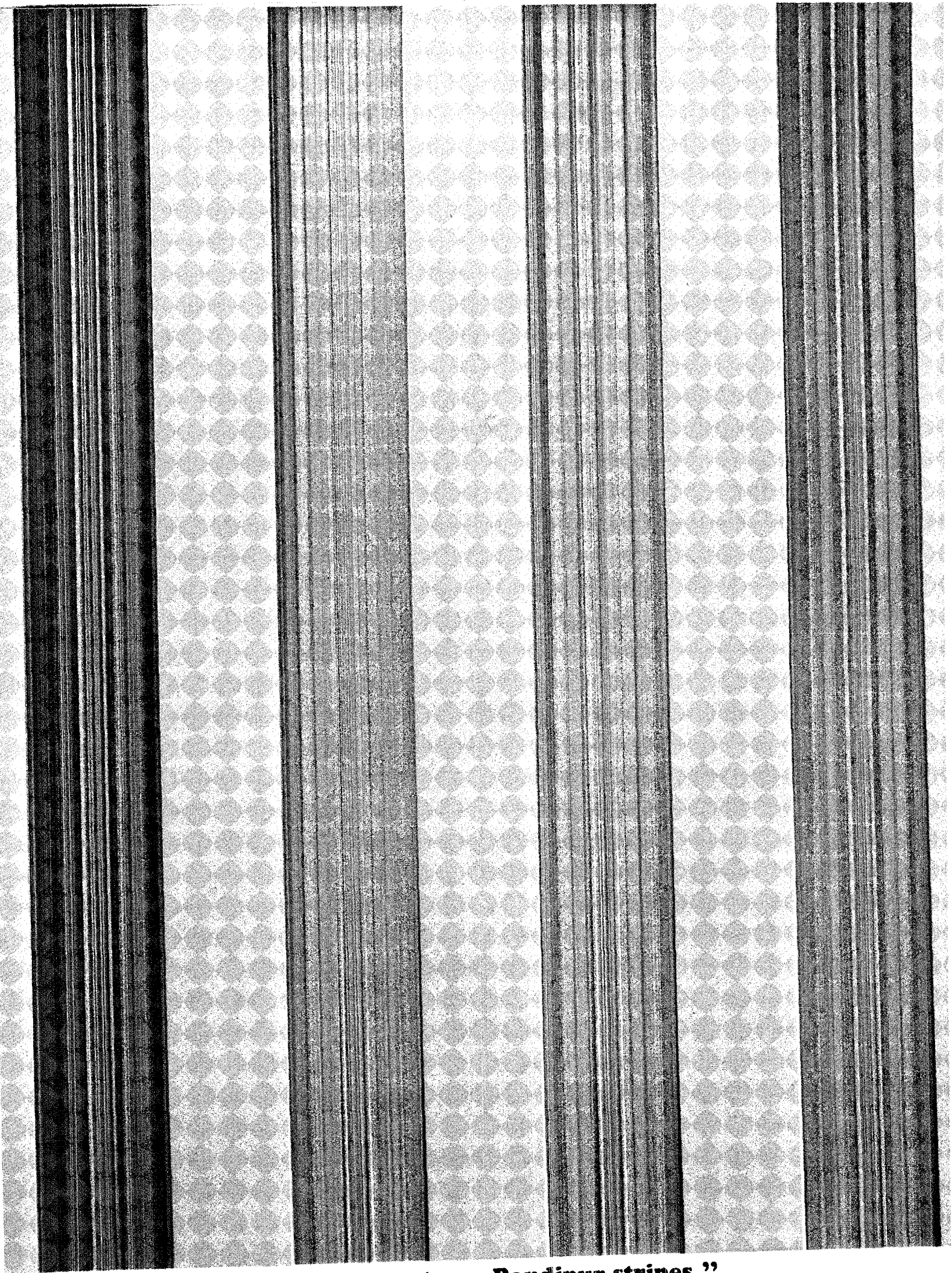




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when, at the crest of a mild slope, I saw the marchers coming in my direction. I stood still on the sidewalk, awaiting the procession, aware that people around me were deserting their stoops for the curb and that windows were being flung open. The pace of the procession seemed weary, but as the marchers drew nearer, I could see that their faces were cheerful enough; perhaps their dispositions were buoyed by the knowledge that their day was nearly over. I watched a part of the procession file past, and then, curious to see how it felt to march, I stepped down from the curb and joined one of the contingents—a C.N.D. group from Kent, as it happened—whose members received me as though I had signed on with them back home. Almost as soon as I began to move down London Street, I felt an absurd superiority toward the slackers in the windows and on the sidewalks, and then a sense of exhilaration at being one of thousands, so many of them so young. The music sounded stirring now that I was marching to it and encircled by it, and one of the songs brought me back to the reminiscent mood I had been in at dinner. Its words returned to me the instant the guitarists and singers started up. I could have joined in singing it, but I didn't. The song was "I Ain't Gonna Study War No More," and I had sung it about twenty-five years earlier, as an undergraduate at an anti-Fascist demonstration. Since those days, I had witnessed two atomic explosions, and the song, it seemed to me, was up against even more now than it had been then.

I slipped out of the ranks after half an hour or so, by which time the March had turned into another street, and was approaching King's Meadows, where the tents were set up. I was no sooner back on the sidewalk than a pair of young men who not only were clean-shaven but had on neckties approached me and began to extoll the C.N.D. They were members of the organization's "flying column," and their assignment was to tell onlookers about the purpose of the March. The two were biochemistry students at Liverpool University.

"People aren't against the C.N.D., but they're not for it, either," one of them said. "They're not for anything, except apathy."

"That's why the March is such a morale boost for us," the other said. "It's a relief to know that there are other people who think as you do. It keeps you going the rest of the year."

The parade began to disperse short of King's Meadows, the marchers drifting singly or in small groups in the general



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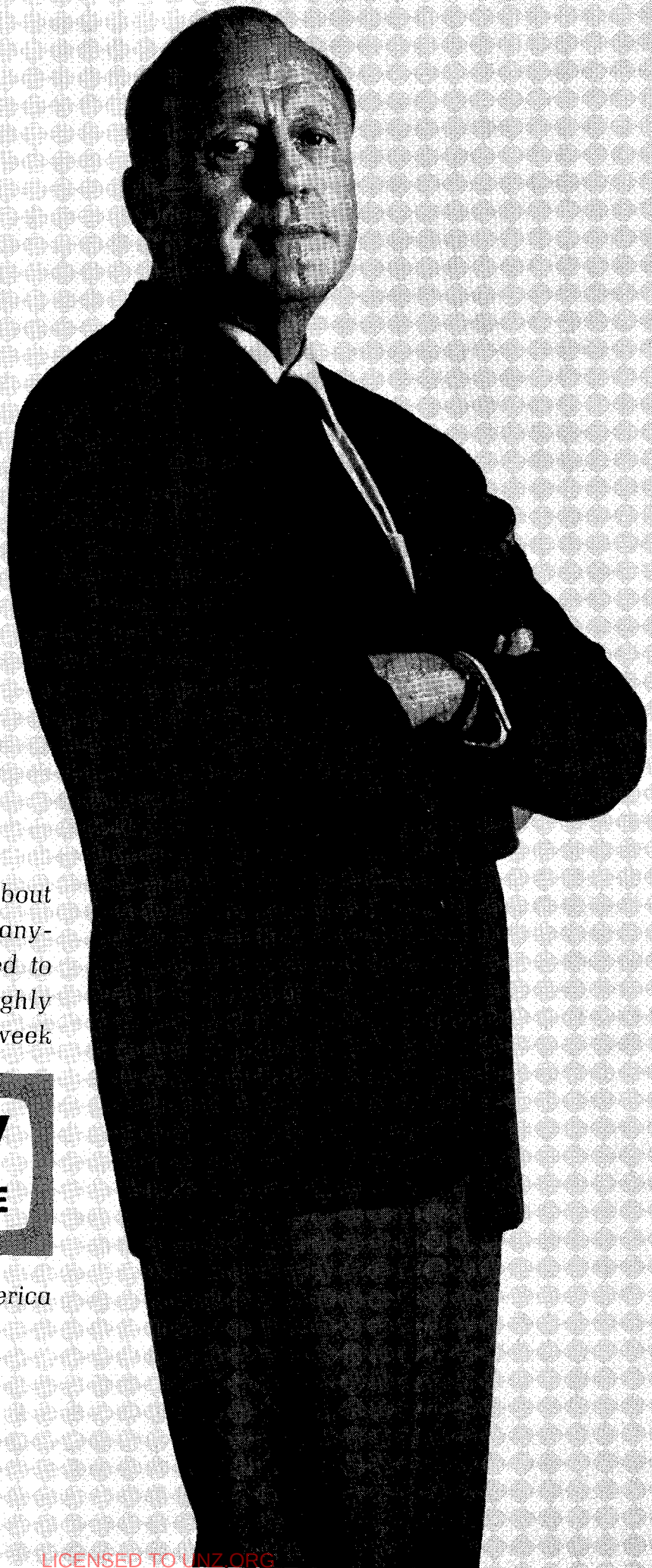


“He (Jack Benny) likes to boast about his ability as an editor and about his eagle eye for contrived straight lines or for jokes—often very funny ones—which are inconsistent with the character he has spent 40 years creating. He is proud, too, of his sense for



keeping his comedy techniques fresh . . . Philosophically, Benny is perhaps best left unexplained. Suffice it to say that at 69 he is still the most conscientious craftsman in the business. There is something rather touching about his devotion to just one joke—like a man playing a violin sonata on just one string. But on that one string, ah! he is brilliant!” —From a TV GUIDE profile. Typical of what you will see in TV GUIDE this week,



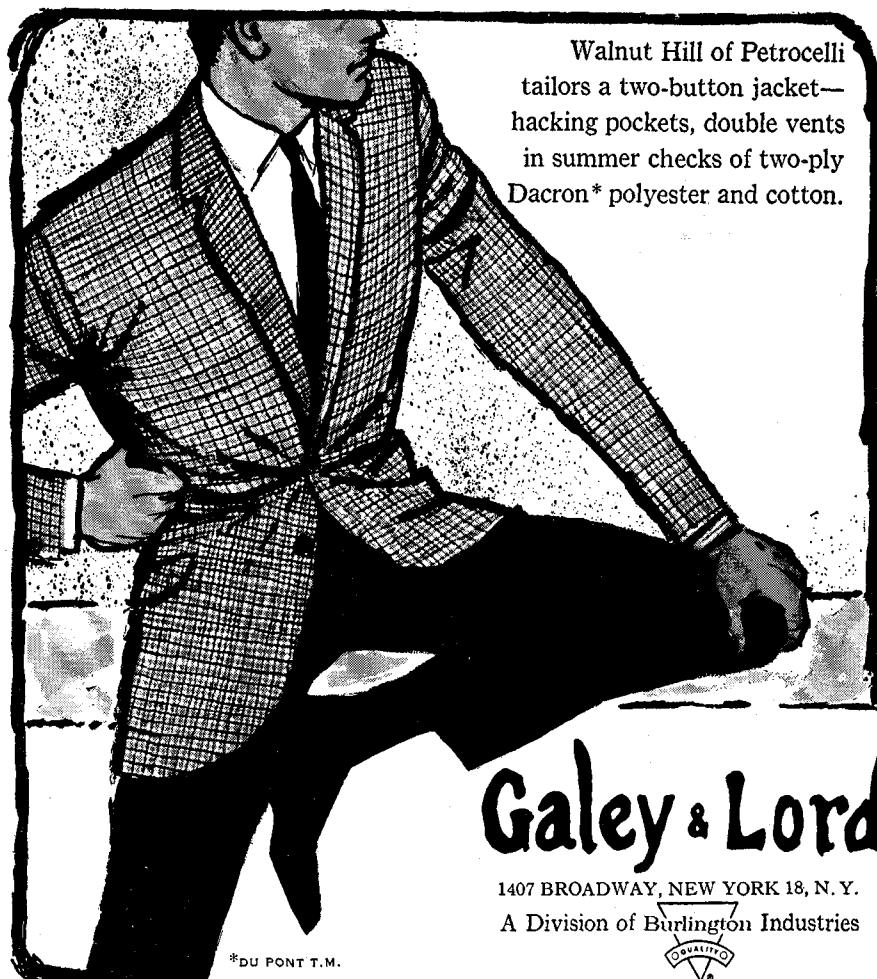


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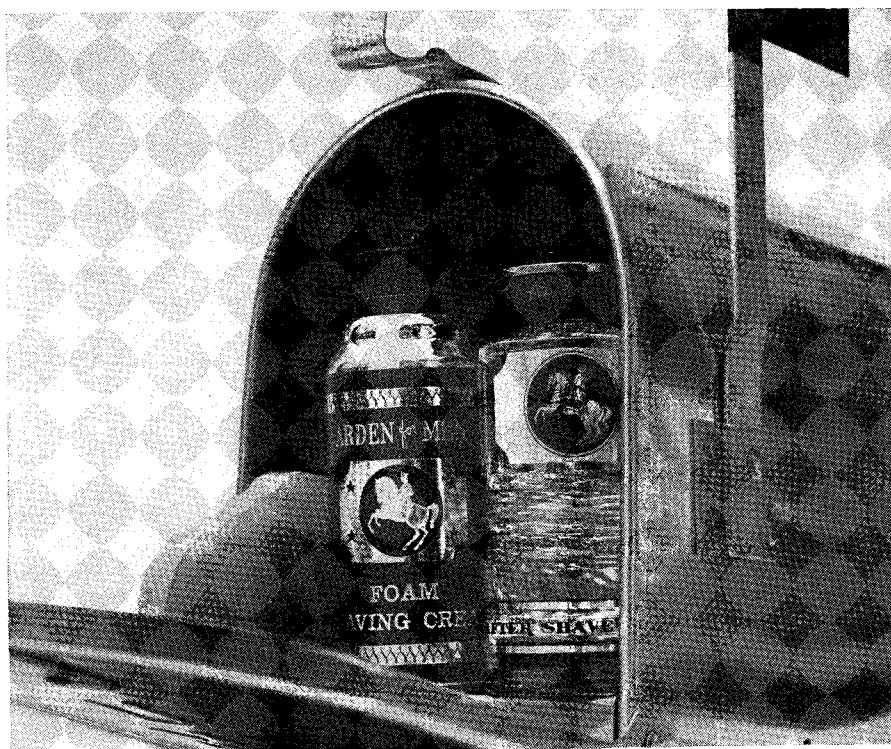
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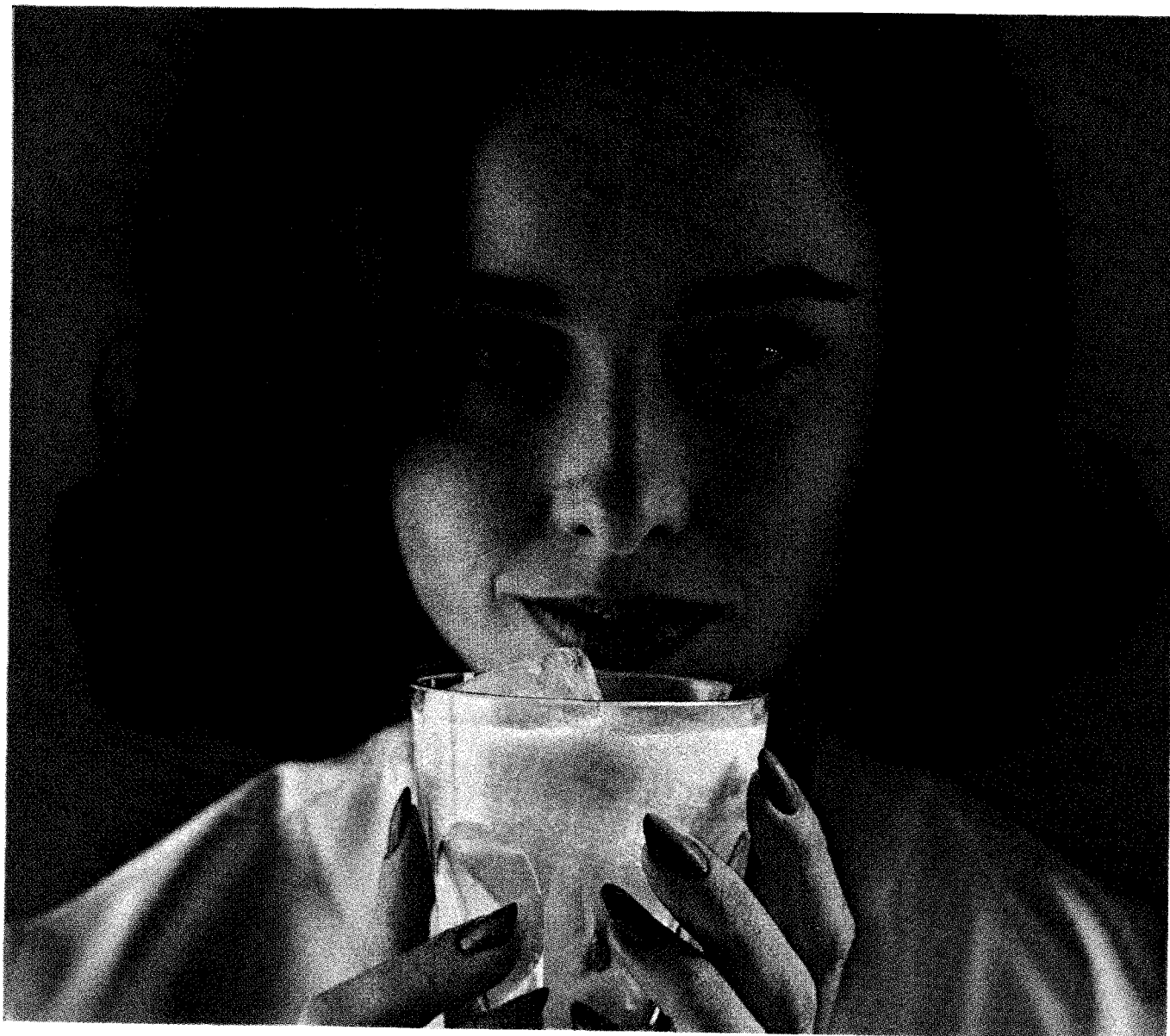
**arden for men** | east 54

direction of the encampment. I came upon Canon Collins walking alone; he had put on a blue beret and was puffing a pipe. He spoke of the March with satisfaction. "It's not a religious occasion, but it's on the moral side, on the right road," he said. "In a sense, it's one of the best ways for a Christian to spend Easter weekend. I regard the March as a showing of the flag, if you will, a mustering of the troops."

King's Meadows was a mob scene. The marchers were all over the place, looking for friends and for sleeping places in the fading light. Some were making for a sandwich counter, and others were trailing off to a first-aid station, where C.N.D. doctors and nurses were ministering to the day's casualties, most of them blister cases. There was even a news vender on hand, as I discovered when a young beatnik came up to me and said rather diffidently, "*Freedom, Freedom*"—which was the name of an anarchist journal he was selling. Mrs. Duff, harried but poised, was meeting a series of emergencies; there was a chance, she informed me in a desperate aside, that the tents might not be able to hold everybody. I was surprised. The whole human race, it appeared to me, had already entered the largest one. But more marchers, as I could now see for myself, were continuing to enclose themselves within its billowing canvas—men and women, colored and white, lame and strapping, thin and fat, infants and young parents. When the circus tent was finally filled, all of them, strangers and friends alike, would share the night on its grassy floor, their bond presumably a desire to live.

BY Saturday night, the March reached the town of Slough, twenty miles from London, and on Easter Sunday morning its phalanx of standard-bearers took up positions outside the walled gray massiveness of Windsor Castle, a few miles away, where the Queen was spending the holiday. The weather had been raw and the blister cases had increased, but the C.N.D. members, milling in the streets until the March resumed, were more lively than ever. Their manner was cocky, and in fact had turned almost taunting. The reason for this could be found on the front page of every London paper. The day before, while the marchers plodded from Reading to Slough, several hundred direct-actionists had broken away along the route and tried to storm a theretofore secret underground bunker. Their act had been inspired by leaflets handed out during the bivouac at Reading; these had re-





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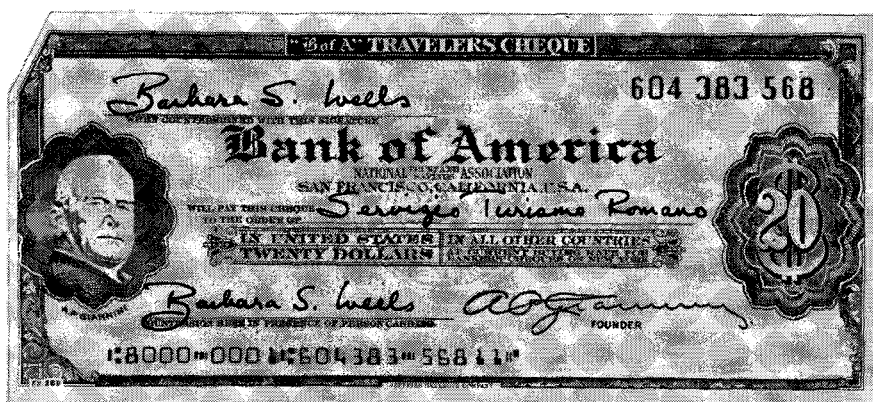
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vealed the bunker to be the site of a regional seat of government in the event of an H-bomb attack on London. Police on duty at "Regional Seat of Government 6," as the bunker was officially known, had, with the aid of reinforcements and dogs, repelled the raiders, and were now out looking for the unknown authors and distributors of the leaflets, which had revealed the positions of a dozen bunkers throughout Britain. The press had seized upon the incident to question the efficiency of the government's security setup, but that, I gathered, didn't impress the C.N.D. members as much of an issue. It was the details of the pamphlet, the sight of the bunker itself, and its defense by the police that had them keyed up. The marchers with whom I talked seemed to feel that they had exposed, for all the world to see, the mentality that could countenance the possibility of a nuclear war. This, it seemed to me, was hardly news, but that point wasn't worth making to most of the marchers that morning, nor did it seem that they were prepared to imagine that, in the absence of an international system of arms control, the idea of designating emergency seats of government was as reasonable as, say, that of having Prince Charles on hand to succeed his mother. They were convinced that their actions had produced tangible evidence to justify their cause, and all morning, in Windsor, one could hear dark, indignant references to anonymous villains—"The bastards!" "The stinking hypocrites!" "The rats!" All morning, too, reporters were kept busy chasing down rumors of fresh exploits of direct action—most of them, according to the rumors, about to be perpetrated under the direction of an extremist member of the Committee of 100, a volatile young man who was a history teacher in a Cambridge secondary school and who happened to be wearing a long black oilskin coat. None of the rumors came to anything, however, and the day proceeded with two orderly events that had been planned by the C.N.D.'s leadership—which, incidentally, officially deplored the attempted overthrow of Regional Seat of Government 6. The first action was to present the Queen with a communication informing her of why the C.N.D. was in town, on the ground that "as the Constitutional Head of our State, you should know our purpose; and that, as a mother, you cannot be unconcerned about peace and the fate of future generations." An Oxford housewife assigned to deliver the letter at the castle was unable to say, when she



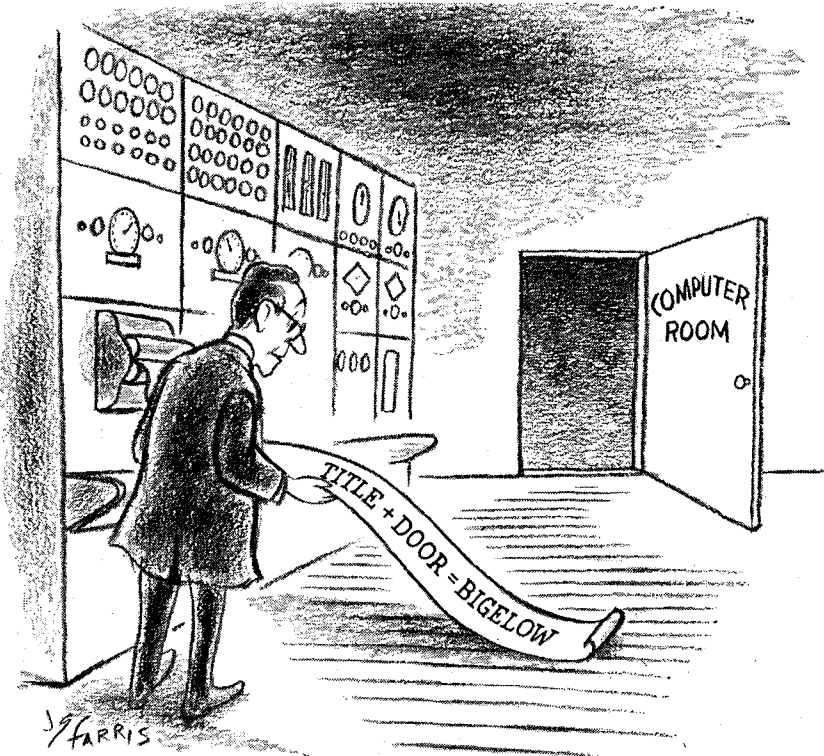
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emerged, who had accepted it on behalf of the Queen. The day's second planned event took place in the long meadow of Runnymede, on the banks of the Thames, where the marchers signed a "Magna Carta, 1963." "At Runnymede, in June 1215, King John was compelled to grant the Magna Carta," this document began. "Wilful tyranny had to concede the rights of the individual. . . . Seven hundred and fifty years later that liberty is threatened by a greater tyranny—the Tyranny of the Bomb." It concluded with a demand for "freedom from fear, from the nightmare of senseless statesmanship which relies on the balance of terror; the right of . . . children to live, uncrippled by nuclear poisons; the right of every individual to say: 'I shall not be a party to nuclear murder.'"

THE March had its biggest turnout in London. Thousands of metropolitan sympathizers, rising in their flats early on Easter Monday, took the Underground to Acton Green, on the outskirts of the capital, to join those who had walked all the way from Aldermaston. Perhaps the continuing headlines over the bunker incident had something to do with the size of the crowd. In any event, when, late in the afternoon, the marchers trooped into Hyde Park for a rally that was to end the weekend's festivities, their column was fully two miles long. But London, too, was long, and the great city took the March in stride. The red double-decker buses lumbered alongside the parade, pausing now and then for queues of passengers, who had to thread their way through the marchers' ranks; vendors of *Sanity*, the C.N.D.'s newspaper, who were out in force for the day, were mistaken for vendors of less intense newspapers; in Kensington, two matronly women whom I happened to notice didn't turn to look at the March until they had finished admiring the violets and irises in a florist's window. How could Londoners be sure that the C.N.D. wasn't taking itself too seriously? Other demonstrations had wound through the streets in the past, and they, too, had claimed that the fate of the world hung on their cause. Indeed, Miss Redgrave recalled one such past cause from the speakers' platform in Hyde Park when, reading exquisitely from the memoirs of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, she found lessons for the nuclear disarmers in the struggles of the woman's-suffrage movement.

The day seemed to keep the marchers at a high pitch. During a lunch break



before the rally, a member of the League of Empire Loyalists, shouting "Traitor!", tossed a sack of flour at Canon Collins, whitening his cassock. As the marchers passed through Whitehall en route to Hyde Park, they were heartened by the sight of a middle-aged woman who, ignoring the traffic that whizzed past her, was staging a sit-down on a cushion in the gutter before Admiralty House, where the Prime Minister is in residence while 10 Downing Street is being renovated. At Hyde Park, the actor Peter O'Toole put in a personal appearance and, like Miss Redgrave, drew a hand from the marchers, who were gathered on the grass in a swarming throng. The Buddhist priest from Japan was introduced from the platform, and was also roundly cheered; a superb folk-singing team entertained; and the novelist Alan Sillitoe contributed a poem called "The Rats."

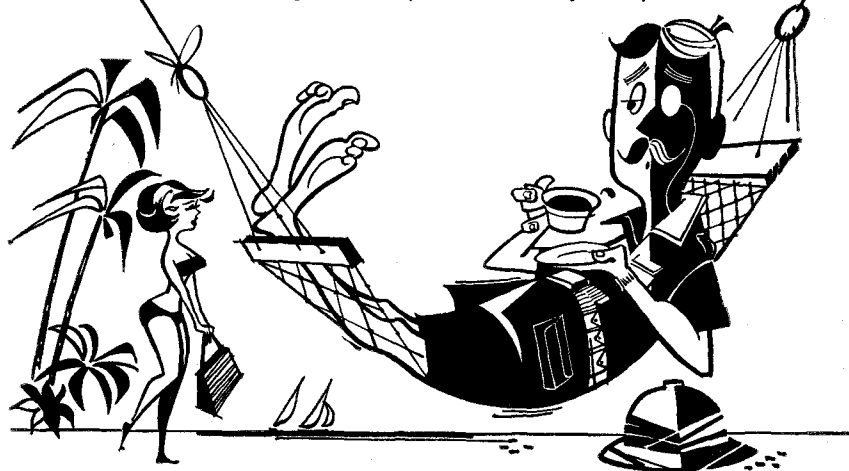
On the way to Hyde Park, I had hopped aboard the C.N.D.'s slow-moving gray van. Mrs. Duff was in it. She was alone, except for the driver, and we talked awhile, facing each other on benches that ran along the sides. Through the rear opening, we could see the procession's awkward, crooked ranks, its placards with crudely lettered slogans bobbing unevenly. It would take a fortune-teller, Mrs. Duff said, to know what lay ahead for the C.N.D., since events had so much to do with its ups and downs. Such events as the Cuban crisis and the bogging down of the test-ban negotiations might underscore the organization's usefulness, but then others would come along and obscure it. For example, she said, the bombers that wheeled overhead each day bearing thermonuclear devices were about to be withdrawn as obsolete. Very likely, too, the American bases in Britain would presently be vacated, now that Polaris-missile submarines were patrolling the seas. And next year there quite possibly wouldn't even be an Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston from which to start the March; the government had announced that it might very well declare the plant redundant. The March could start from somewhere else, of course, Mrs. Duff said, but there were other complications. Many members of the C.N.D., she explained, had a feeling that the March was played out—that it was becoming too institutionalized to arouse fresh public interest in disarmament, which was the C.N.D.'s reason for being. The organization, pulled this way and that as it now was, wasn't likely to get far in the field of practical politics, as some of its

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members dreamed that it might, nor was civil disobedience likely to attract widespread support, as other members believed, so long as its practitioners' aims remained hazy and debatable.

"We've reached a time for rethinking," Mrs. Duff said as we watched Canon Collins and Professor Calder marching along behind us, smiling about something or other. Whatever new thoughts might be forthcoming, the organization would probably never be entirely rid of a certain vagueness. All it could really do, she went on, was stand up and say no to the threat of war, over and over, in as many ways as it knew how. That was no small mission, Mrs. Duff said, and vagueness wasn't necessarily weakness. "We can count our victories," she asserted as the van slowed down for a light. "The most important one, I should say, is that we've made millions of people, here and throughout the world, aware of the meaning of a nuclear war. It's going to be a job keeping them that way."

—DANIEL LANG

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This new age cries for creative minds that are upright as the cedar, honest as the daily bread, and that simply cannot contain themselves because they are forever bounding off into the unknown, the unexpected, the unexhausted, the unexplored.—Beatrice Adams, vp of Gardner Advertising Co., addressing the Insurance Advertising Conference in Long Island.

—Advertising Age.

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HARRISBURG, May 27 (AP)—Page boys in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives donned new uniforms today and got a quick lesson in spelling.

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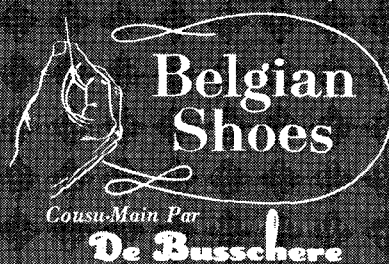
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*(Slowly—into a tilted glass—and don't stir)*

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First put the *liquor* in your glass, then add the Tonic *slowly*. Pour down the *side* of the glass.

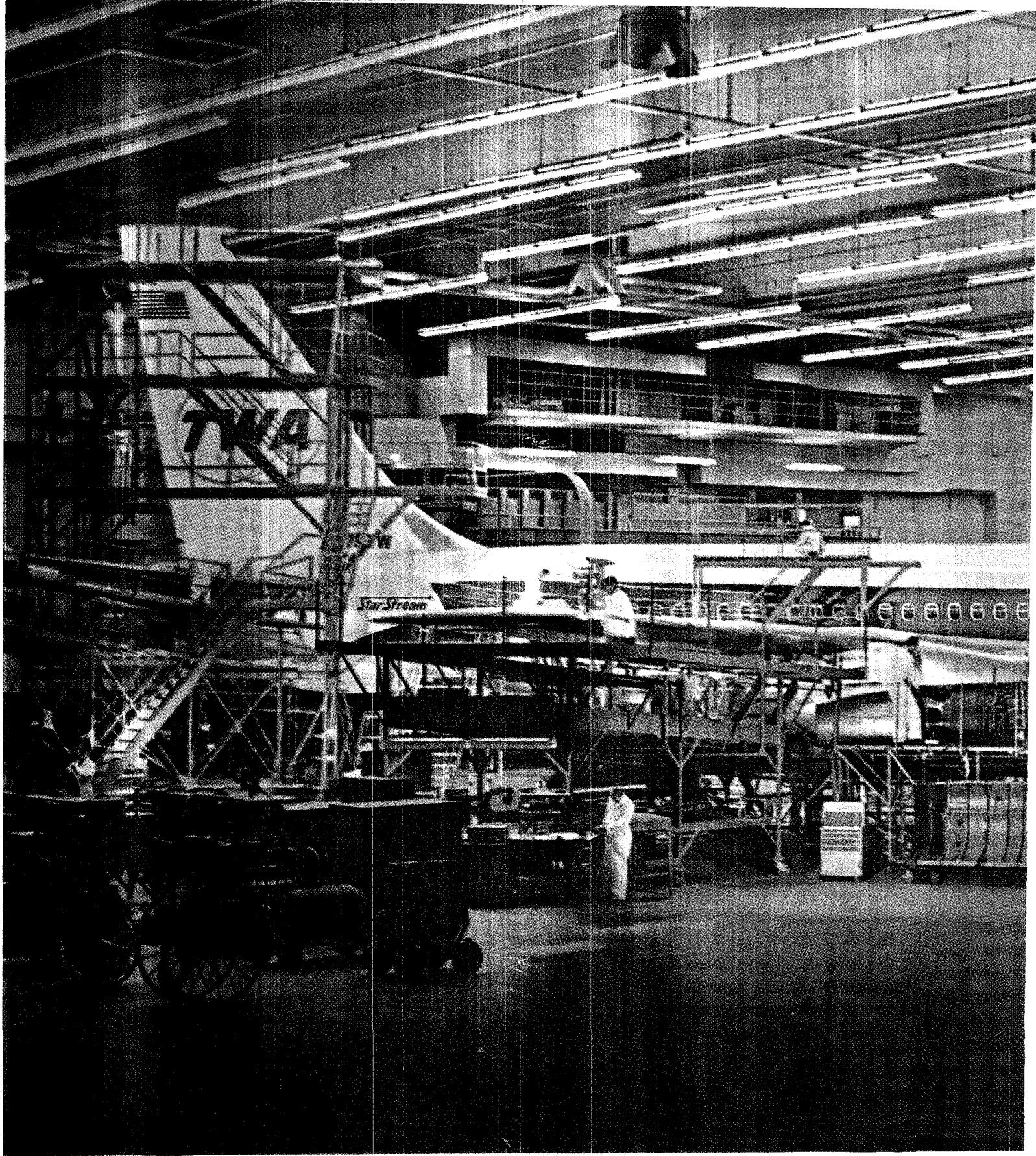
*Don't* squander the Schweppervescence by dashing your Tonic on the

rocks. *Don't* stir your bubbles to death.

Now sip slowly. Ahhhh! Curiously refreshing, don't you agree?

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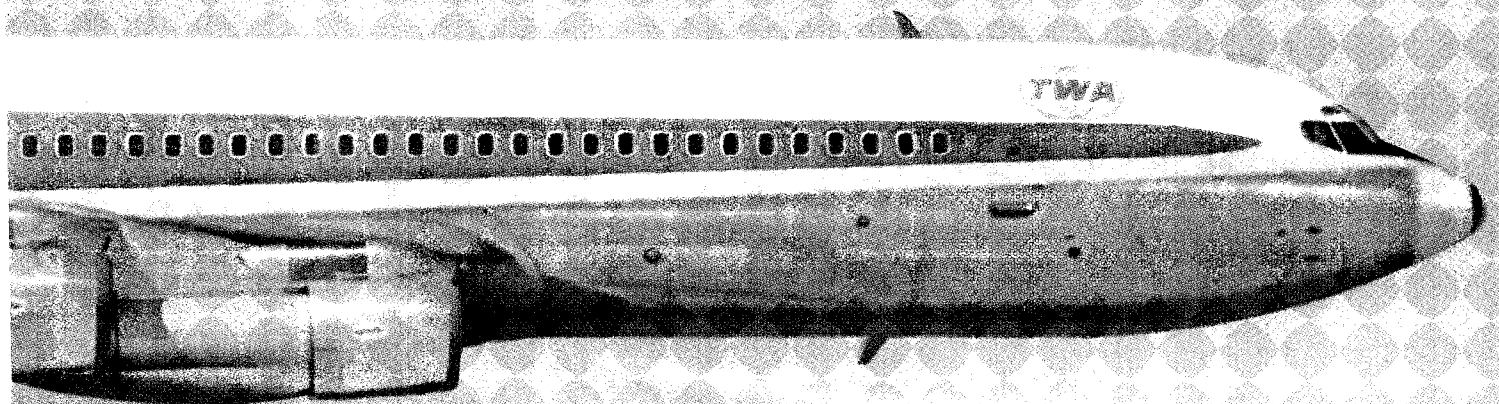


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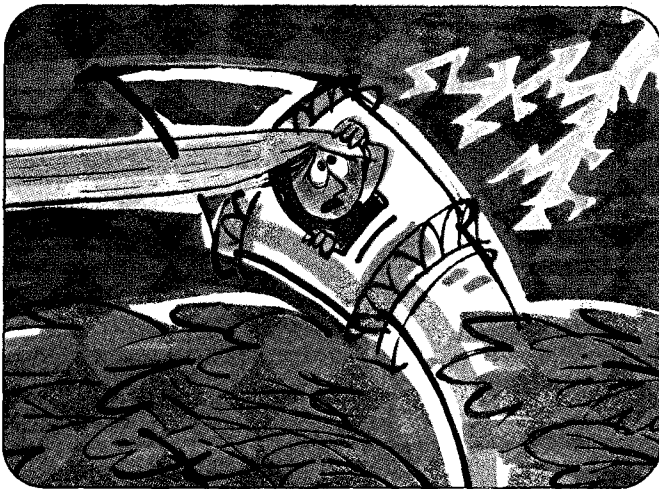
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You remember Rapunzel, the beautiful maiden held captive in the witch's tower. Well, one day, she let down her hair and up climbed an INA agent!



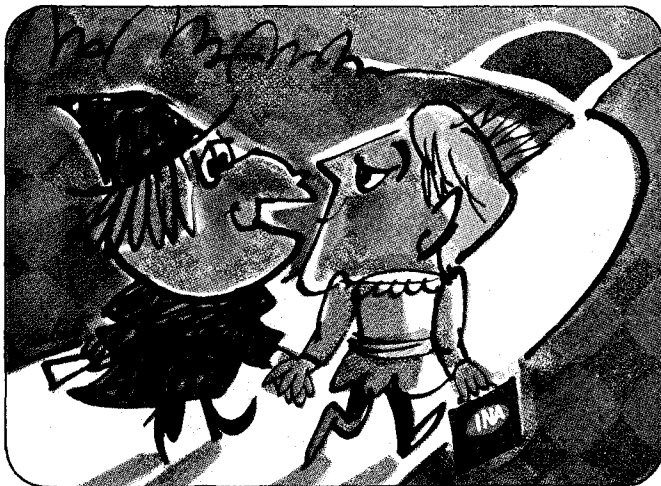
While Rapunzel listened, spellbound, the INA man told her about the INA Homeowners Package policy. How one low premium protects her castle against...



...lightning, windstorm, burglary and personal liability. "But this is the witch's castle," she sobbed. Agent: "Then I'd better talk to the witch."



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...that she waved her wand and turned the INA agent into a prince (which he was all along, anyway). Rapunzel? She got saved in another story.



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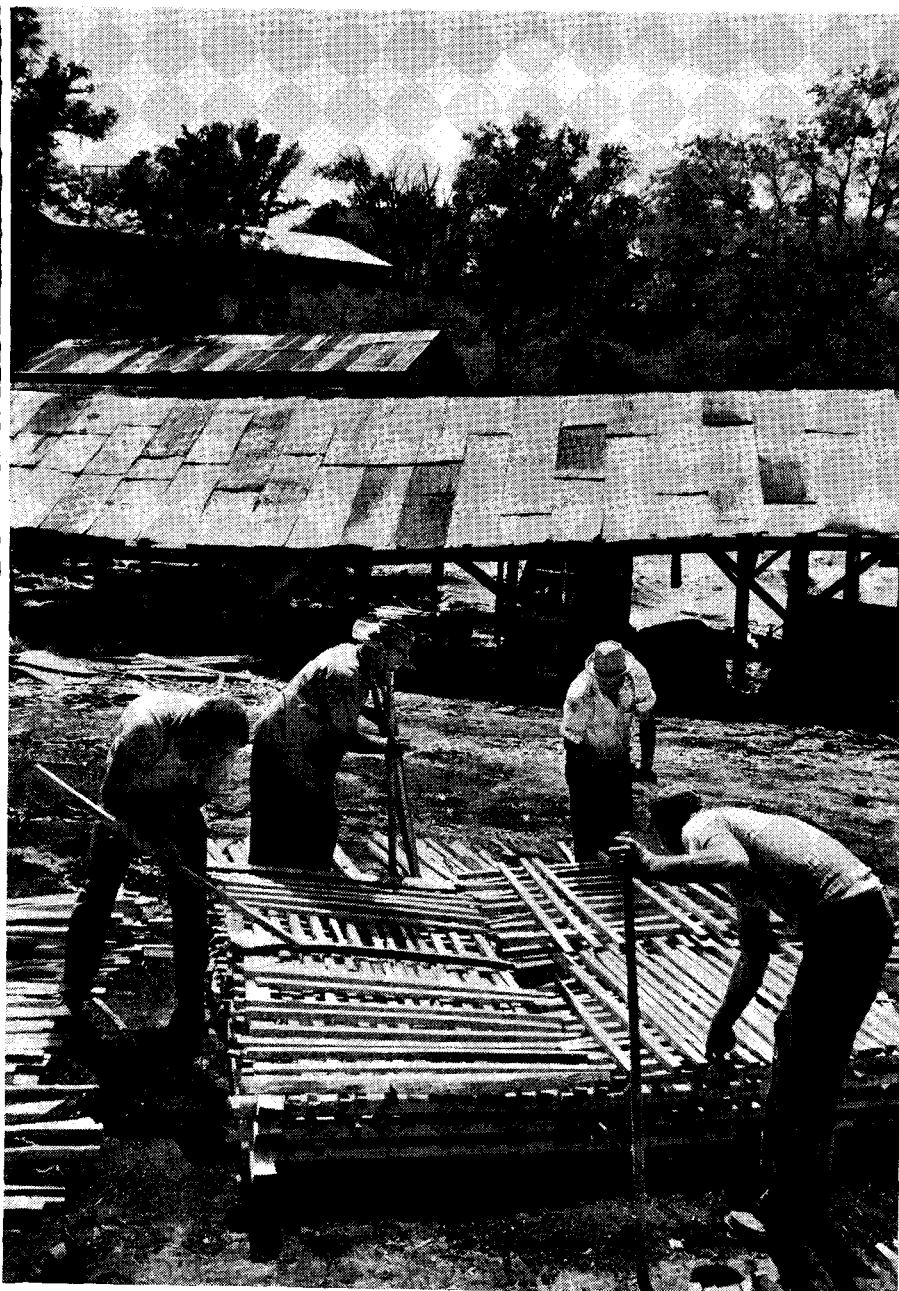
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*The Impossible Takes Longer*



THE merciful quick thing to say about "Cleopatra" is that it would have made a marvelous silent picture. Still on the widest possible screen, of course, and still in the vividest possible color, with all the boundless technical

resources of the nineteen-sixties brought to bear upon it, but oh so blessedly, continuously, sedulously silent! Chesterton said once of the dazzle of Times Square by night that it would seem a paradise to someone unable to read, and "Cleopatra" might well seem a masterpiece to someone unable to hear the sound track. For nearly every good thing in the movie is visual and nearly every bad thing is aural. Though there's scarcely an inch of the thousands of feet of this richly upholstered, four-hour-long film that isn't a feast to the eye, the brain behind the eye goes hungry. The sets, the costumes, the scenery on land and sea (Twentieth Century-Fox must have rented not only Italy and Spain but much of the Mediterranean for its grandiose purposes) are all of a velvety texture and of exquisite cut. The actors, too, in their hundreds, are a nourishing joy to behold. Sweeping through their roles like so many gorgeously bedizened allegorical animals with bronzy human faces, they somehow manage to convey that they were as costly to hire as they were costly to dress, and that they are thoroughly enjoying the sumptuous charade. As for Elizabeth Taylor, she is less an actress by now than a great natural wonder, like Niagara or the Alps, and it was right of the director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to deal with her as the thing she has become—the most famous woman of her time, and probably of all time, who, perfectly made up, her nakedness picked out in cloth of gold (and the camera never failing, from scene to scene, to make obeisance to that justly celebrated bosom), is set pacing from bed to bath and from Egypt to Rome and from Caesar to Mark Antony not as the embodiment of a dim, ancient queen but as, quite literally, a living doll, at once so sexy and so modish that her historical predecessor, seeing her, might easily have died not from the



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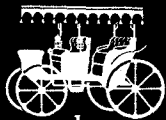
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the sting of an asp but from the sting of envy.

Is the verdict, then, that despite the beauty and opulence of its setting and cast the picture fails? I fear the answer is yes, thunderously, to the music of Alex North and in a Babel of false dialogue by three obviously hard-pressed screenwriters—Ranald MacDougall, Sidney Buchman, and Mr. Mankiewicz. It is they who bear the lion's share of the blame for the picture's failure. One had heard rumors of the degree of improvisation they were obliged to practice, the script being often rushed into its final form only a few days ahead of the time it would have to be shot. Under such pressure, and with a score of other handicaps that, it appears, had nothing to do with the ordinary course of movie-making, it would have been a miracle for men of no matter how much talent and training to produce a first-rate piece of writing, and the hoped-for miracle hasn't taken place. Against a background of unprecedented splendor, the actors are obliged to speak, and that is their doom. For their lines prove to be a mélange of pseudo-Shaw, pseudo-Shakespeare, pseudo-Old Testament, and even, on occasion, pseudo-Perelman. (As Cleopatra arrives, with a retinue of thousands, in the Roman forum, Antony mutters to Caesar out of the corner of his mouth, Groucho-fashion, "Rome hasn't seen anything like this since Romulus and Remus.") In the first half of the picture, with Rex Harrison playing the male lead as Caesar, the tone of our intimate spectacular tries to ape that of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra;" in the second half, with Caesar dead and Richard Burton playing the male lead as Antony, the tone uncomfortably parodies a sort of eighteen-nineties Shakespeare. Antony is called "M'Lud Antony," and at the picture's climax Roddy McDowall, as Octavian, roars out a soliloquy in the style of dear old Walter Hampden.

Having done my duty with this series of damnations, let me note that, like Miss Taylor, "Cleopatra" isn't to be judged by ordinary standards. It's a preposterous movie, but no matter; you'd better see it anyhow. The things it contains are often as thrilling as they are silly, and I'm certain that you won't be bored. On the contrary, having made your peace with the fact that not a single word of it can be believed, you can settle back comfortably to enjoy the sights—Cleopatra's gilded barge, straight out of Plutarch; the milky-pillared temples of Alexandria; an enchanting Roman garden—and wind

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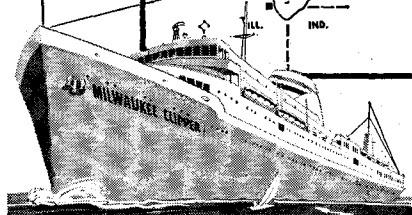
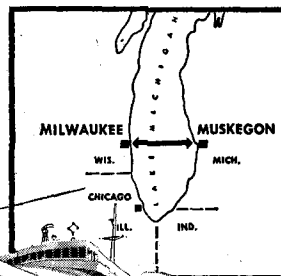
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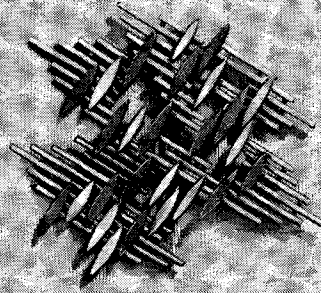
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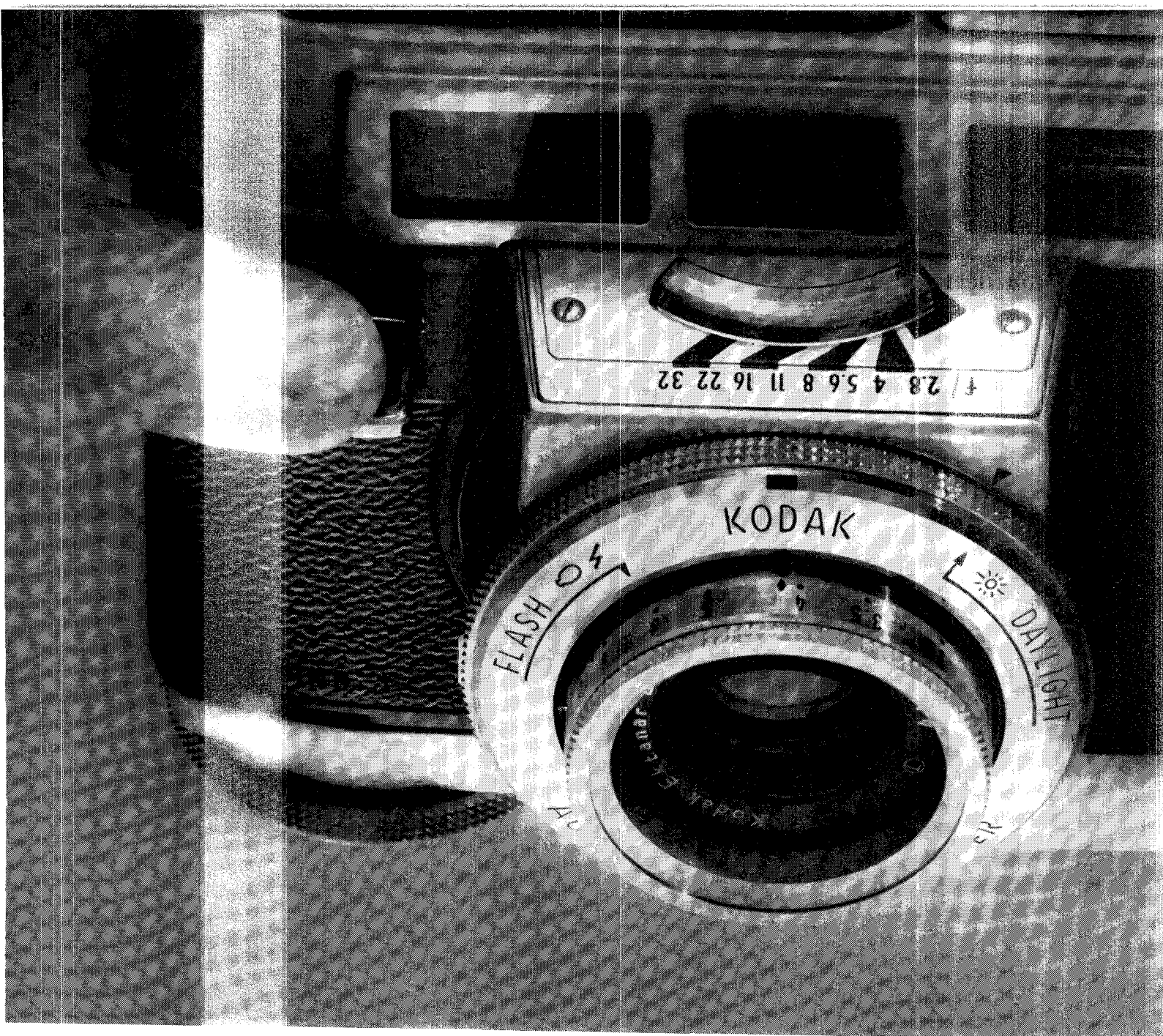
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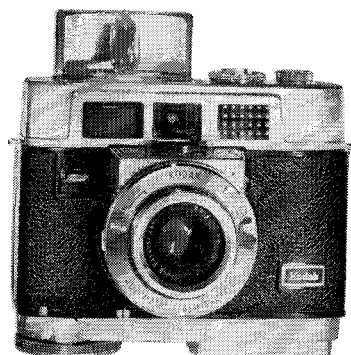




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*Elizabeth Arden*

up, as I did, wondering how the producers could possibly have brought in such a circus for a mere forty million dollars. It looks as if it had cost twice that much.

**H**ARD as it may be to credit, still another Peter Sellers picture has come to town. This one is called "Never Let Go," and it's not a comedy but a thriller. As a sadistic London gangster, Mr. Sellers is so convincingly disagreeable that he'll make you marvel that you dared to laugh at him in all his other pictures. The story concerns a humble cosmetics salesman, played by Richard Todd, whose livelihood is put in jeopardy by the theft of his car and whose dogged pursuit of the thieves puts his life in jeopardy as well. An occasionally over-brutal but successful specimen of a familiar genre, more tempting perhaps if you pretend that its star is an unknown newcomer named Peter Buyers. . . . "The Stripper," the last production of the late Jerry Wald, is a sad little picture, with Joanne Woodward in the title role, supported—sometimes at a considerable distance—by Richard Beymer, Claire Trevor, Robert Webber, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Louis Nye. It's based on William Inge's play "A Loss of Roses," and is laid deep in the heart of the Inge country, where every prospect displeases. Miss Woodward, a diligent actress, brings more to the role than it is able to sustain; I wish she had saved herself for a better cause.

—BRENDAN GILL

DEAR POLLY PINELLAS:

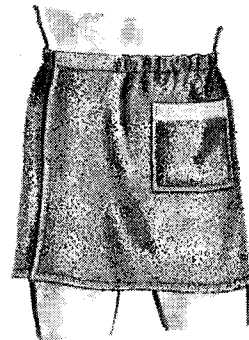
"I'm writing this for my 22-year-old daughter. She has a small problem that, I thought, some of your readers might be able to clear up.

"What do the young, out-of-college set do for social life in St. Petersburg? It's great here for teens, married folks and Senior citizens, but young singles seem to have difficulty meeting each other. I don't mean just for dating purposes. My daughter doesn't even know many girls her own age.

"She's at a disadvantage because we moved here only eight months ago, and it's often hard to find your place in such a short time. But there seems to be so few places that young people can congregate unescorted. She has one friend—a local resident for 10 years—who has the same complaint. Does anyone have a suggestion?"  
Mrs. L. T. K.

"Eliminate starch altogether. Instead, melt some paraffin wax in a large, flat pan and dip your clean, dry doilies in it. Lay them on newspaper until cool enough to handle, and then flute the edges."—*St. Petersburg Times*.

Next question.



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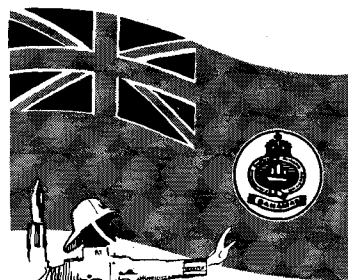
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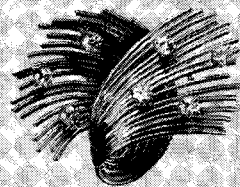
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sauce for the fish or a creamy sweet dish. At the time of our interview, Mr. Hyde was deep in preparations for a dinner party of ten, the menu for which had just been decided upon in collaboration with the hostess and (for a change) the host. The menu, which seemed to have the makings of an eminently satisfactory meal, began with a mousse of chicken livers on rounds of toast to accompany the cocktails (Mr. Hyde is dead against an overpowering assortment of hors d'oeuvres), and this was followed by red snapper poached in a highly seasoned court bouillon and served with a *sauce mousseline*—hollandaise made fluffy by the addition of whipped cream. The *pièce de résistance* was a baron of lamb roasted with a touch of garlic and accompanied by braised endive and potatoes *à la dauphinoise*; then came a salad of hearts of garden lettuce with a vinaigrette sauce, and a platter of French and Danish cheeses; and the meal was to end up with a strawberry mousse and black coffee. Not only is the preparation of these dishes sure to be impeccable (I know Mr. Hyde's cooking of old) but their presentation, I am told by happy clients, has a grace all its own; the roast of lamb, for example, is carved and re-assembled before being presented, by a butler, for the hostess's inspection, and then is whisked to a side table, where Mr. Hyde, in immaculate white, with the high *bonnet de cuisinier*, serves each plate, offered by the butler. This he considers a procedure far preferable to negotiating an elaborately charged platter between the shoulders of two guests, who are likely to serve themselves hit-or-miss, without giving proper consideration to the gravity of the matter. Right here I had better explain that Mr. Hyde has no truck with the usual run of sloppy waiters, who do so much to bring down the tone of some of our best restaurants. Instead, he draws on a stable of what might be called moonlighting butlers—serious practitioners of a serious profession in the households of well-heeled New York families—who on a night off, or during their employers' absence in Florida or on the Riviera, officiate with elegant correctness at Mr. Hyde's parties, for around \$25 an evening. The services of these paragons are not covered by Mr. Hyde's minimum charge, which is \$12 per person for a party of ten or more. (For smaller parties, the fee is still \$120.) What is included in this price is all the food, the attendance of a kitchen helper, if one seems necessary, and Mr. Hyde's own expert services. If extra chairs, tables,

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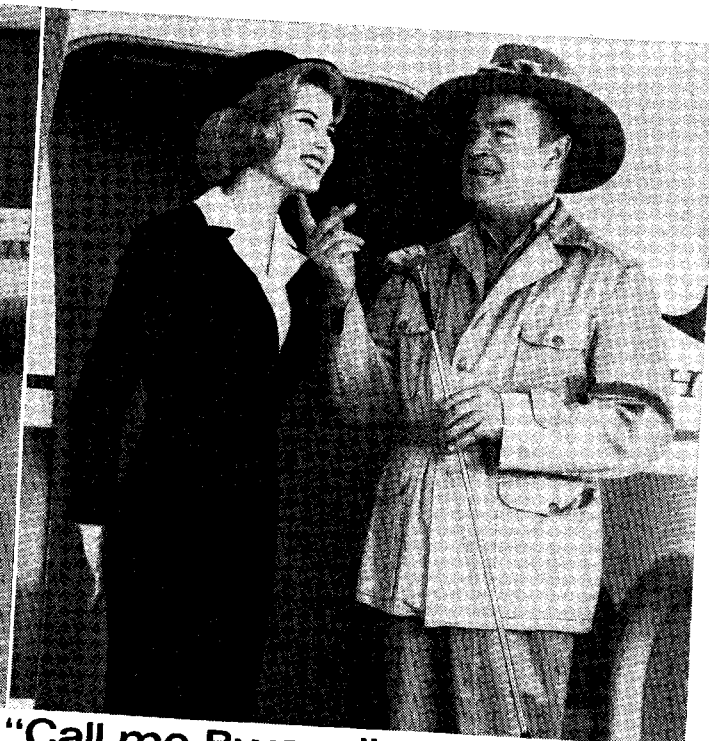
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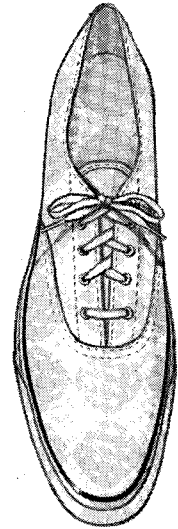
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T. Inumaru, President and General Manager.

linen, and the like are needed, he will engage them, at extra cost, from a concern that provides equipment of a very superior quality (delicate china, pretty tablecloths, folding chairs with velvet-cushioned seats and backs, and so on). The wines are the host's concern, though Mr. Hyde will give advice on the subject. He told me that he refuses to cater for cocktail parties, and when I reminded him that he had recently managed an afternoon wedding reception of two hundred and fifty people, where, except for the addition of a bride and a groom, the setup seemed very much that of a cocktail party, he explained that wedding receptions are different. Another unbreakable rule to which I have observed exceptions is that he will do no catering at a distance greater than a two-hour plane trip from home base. Actually, Mr. Hyde is flying to California sometime next month to engineer two or three dinner parties; during his absence appointments will be made through his office, whose phone number is 914, EL 9-4682.

TO leave the rarefied atmosphere of caterer-managed dinner parties and three-dollar-and-a-quarter butter, I now take a compassionate pleasure in announcing what I consider a lucky break for the cook who wants to do superlatively by her family at a not too ruinous cost. A brand-new concern, calling itself Gala Delicacies, has recently brought out some extremely good frozen crêpes Suzette, about which I shall have more to say later. Crêpes Suzette, of course, make a fine showoff dish, and Gala's crêpes are excellent of their kind, but what I want to speak of at the moment is a less impressive and far more serviceable variation on the pancakes, called entrée crêpes, which the company has put on the market even more recently. Except for being unsweetened, they are the same paper-thin crêpes that are packed under the Suzette label; their very practical value to the imaginative cook lies in their adaptability to any small quantity of savory leftovers. Filled with a few spoonfuls of creamed chicken or a purée of well-seasoned spinach or sautéed sweetbreads or minced lamb or a dab of creamed ham with mushrooms, arranged in a neat row in a gratin dish, covered with a light cream sauce, sprinkled with grated Parmesan, and brought to a golden brown in the oven, the little pancakes make an utterly delicious main luncheon dish, the substantialness of which depends on what is used for filling. They are sold frozen, but, defrosted, they can be stored in the re-

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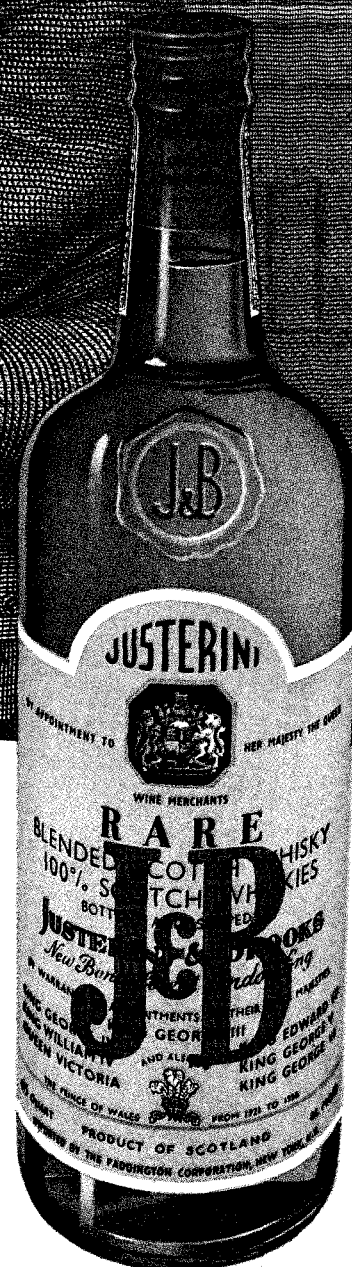
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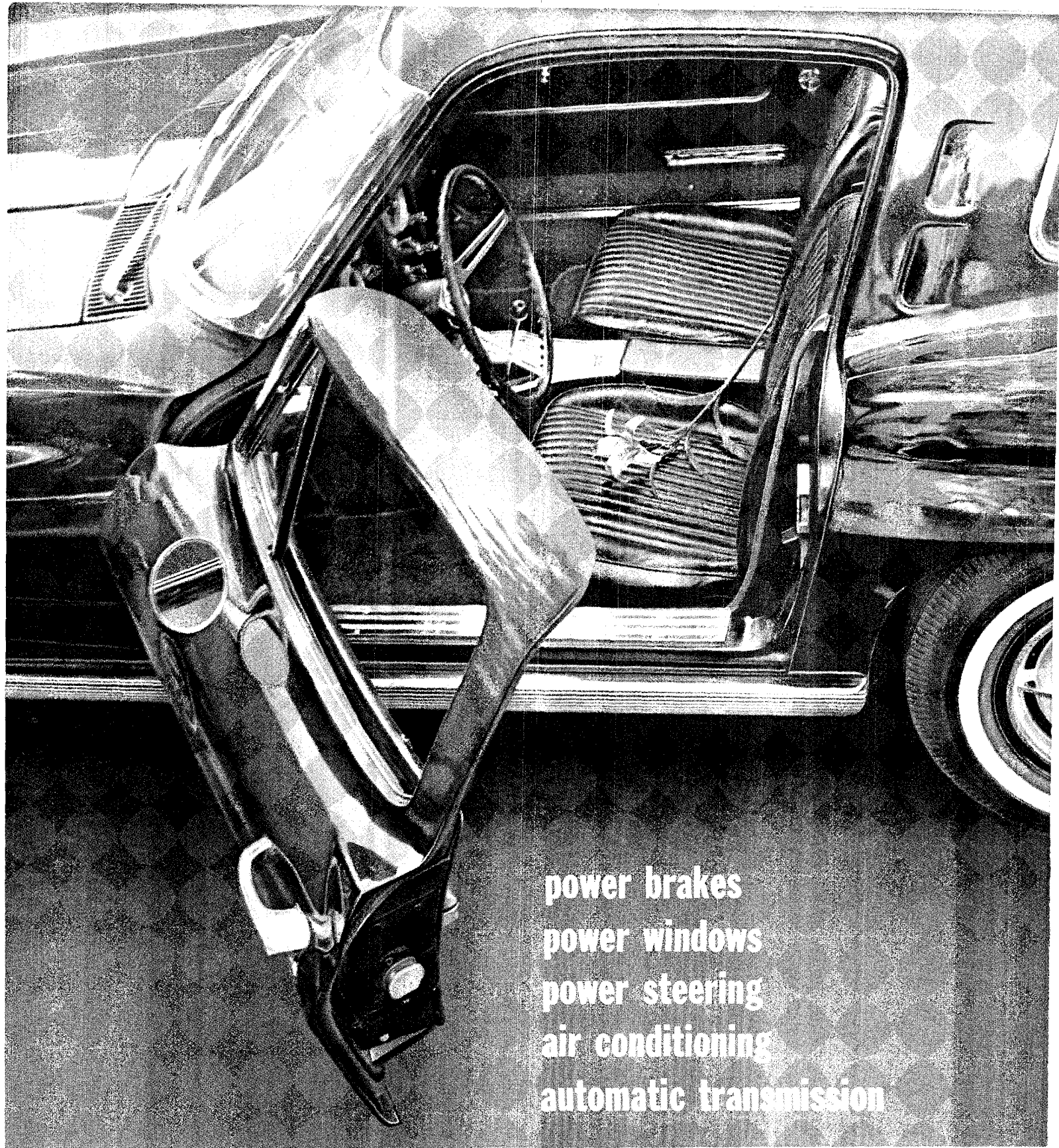
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sports cars, the Corvette is highly civilized. And unlike most luxury cars, the Corvette offers a rewarding driving experience. The best of both worlds, in brief—gilded by extra-cost options such as those listed above plus many others that allow a degree of individuality unknown since the great classics of long ago. Drive a new Sting Ray soon; it could change your views of what a luxury car should be. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

## NEW CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET



frigerator for a week or so without losing their freshness and delicacy. And now to get back to the Suzettes. Like the entrée crêpes, they come packed twelve in a sealed envelope, but the Suzette envelope is accompanied by another sealed envelope, containing eight ounces of the classic sauce. Dependable directions for heating and combining pancakes and sauce come along with each package, though the printed instructions for flaming with an added tablespoonful of Grand Marnier or brandy might, I think, be improved upon. My own addition to the sauce was three-fourths of a pony each of Grand Marnier, Cointreau, and brandy, and a tablespoonful of rum, resulting in a grand blaze—and who wants crêpes Suzette without a grand blaze? Both the entrée crêpes (\$1.25) and the Suzettes (\$2.10, with sauce) are to be had at, among other places, Maryland Gourmet Mart, 414 Amsterdam Avenue (79th); Charles & Co., 683 Madison Avenue (62nd); Florence Market, 985 Park Avenue (83rd); Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); M. Nicola, 271 West Fourth Street; Esposito Brothers, 444 Sixth Avenue (11th); and Bloomingdale.

FOR some time, I have followed with interest what might be called the extracurricular activities of various religious orders—for instance, the famous cheesemaking of the Trappist Fathers in Kentucky, who also produce just about the finest hams known to man, and the lively trade in delicious pears by some of the Carmelite orders in California—and now I learn of some utterly delicious candies made by the Trappist nuns at Mount St. Mary's Abbey, Wrentham, Massachusetts. The rather commonplace names the Sisters have given their sweets—fudge, penuche, caramels, butternut crunch—convey no idea of their very unusual quality. The fudge and penuche are idealized versions of those two old schoolgirl standbys; the butternut crunch is like no confection I have ever tasted before, being a thin layer of brittle caramel coated with milk chocolate and dusted over with powdered toasted nuts; and the caramels taste of the pure butter and cream they are made of. There are also some candies called stars, which are gobs of very soft caramel covered with a melting-in-the-mouth, nut-strewn chocolate. All these exquisite sweets are carried by Wittbold Florists, in the main lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, and by Selma's Sweet World, 1582 Broadway (47th), and they range



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# EDDIE FISHER



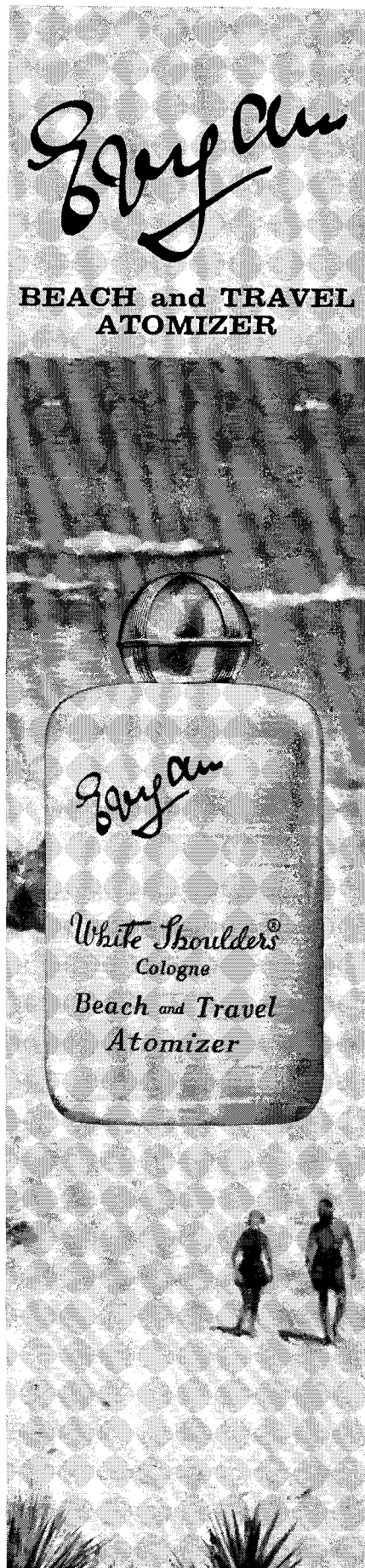
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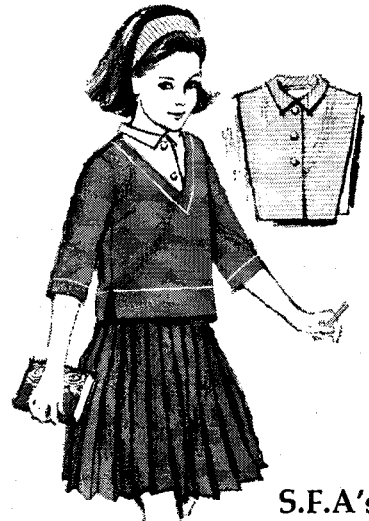
in price from around \$2.00 to \$2.50 the twelve-ounce box.

AT various times, in these columns, I have recommended some very fine American-type cakes (poundcake, angel food, spongecake, chocolate layer, Lady Baltimore, and the like) made by Mrs. George Gilliland (IL 7-0544), but it is only recently that I have become acquainted with an addition to that lady's repertoire—a chocolate cake that follows an old Hungarian recipe. This unusual confection, eight inches in diameter, is made with pounded and sifted almonds instead of flour, and it has a moist richness, emphasized by a thin coating of currant jelly beneath the bitter-chocolate icing that covers the whole thing. The price of the wondrous creation is \$5, delivered.

IN spite of the much touted blessings of summer (at the moment I can't recall exactly what they are), every harassed housekeeper knows it as the season when appetites need an awful lot of cajoling, and I can think of no more effective cajoler than the new (new to me, that is; it's been known in England since 1854) Bombay French vermouth. I have done a good deal of pleasurable experimenting with this most agreeable beverage, testing it, alongside more familiar imports, on the rocks, with club soda, and in a Martini (in this last it seems especially companionable with vodka), and I can't for the life of me settle on an adjective that will convey the right idea of its highly distinctive flavor. Nutty? Not quite. Fruity? Well, maybe. Perhaps, though, you had better mix your own drink and coin your own descriptive phrase, if descriptive phrase you must have; for my part, I think I'll just call it delightful and let it go at that. The vermouth is sold, for \$2.70 the thirty-ounce bottle or \$1.45 the sixteen-ounce bottle, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st); A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (87th); Astor Wines & Spirits, 12 Astor Place; M. Lehmann, 40 East 66th Street; Ambassador Liquors, 144 East 86th Street; Gateway Wine & Spirits, 136 East 70th; and numerous other liquor stores.

As for something to munch along with this pleasant drink, Bloomingdale has recently introduced, from the Azores, an excellent semisoft cheese called St. Jorge—the only cow's-milk cheese, as far as I know, that has ever come to us from those shores. It costs \$1.69 a pound and, Bloomingdale assures me, will be with us all summer.

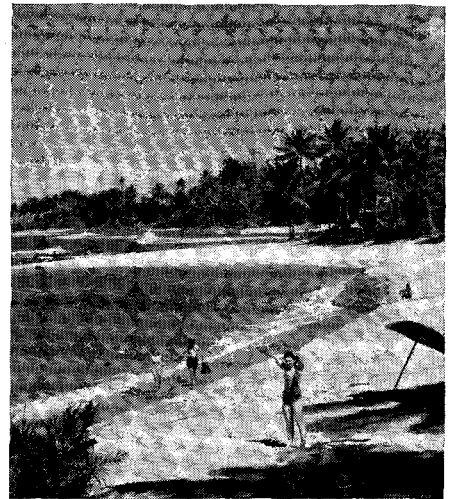
—S. H.



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# What is a fan-jet?

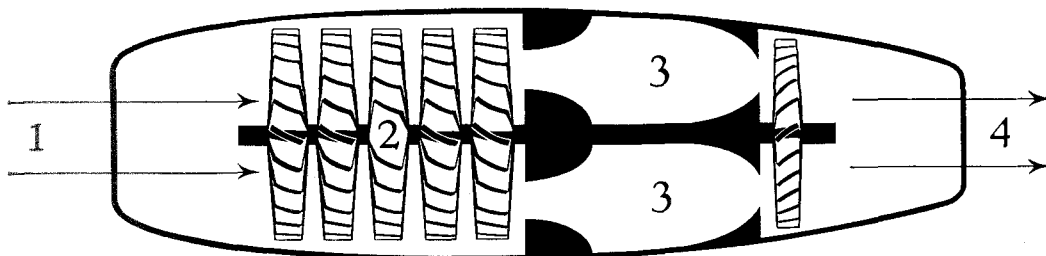
The American Airlines fan-jet story

A jet is propelled by the thrust of its engines.

But this thrust comes from a very hot exhaust, and hot air is thin air—a little like a lightweight's punch.

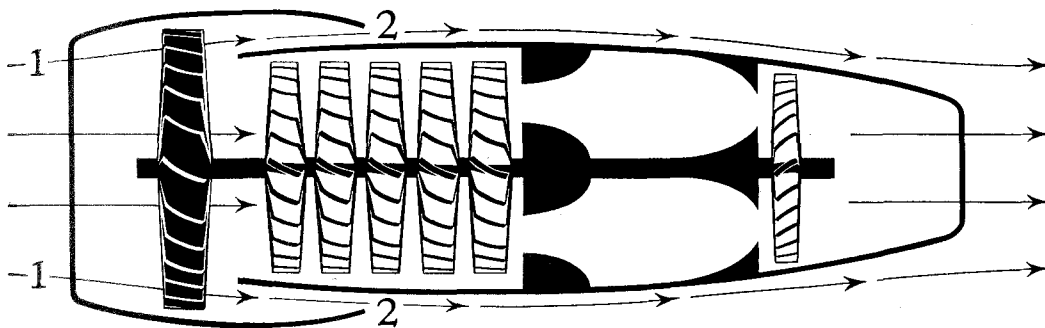
The fan-jet makes a sort of heavyweight out of it.

This engine, which American Airlines helped develop, takes



[Above] Ordinary jet draws air in the front [1], compresses it [2], and heats it in a burner chamber [3]. This expands it and it shoots out the back as exhaust [4].

[Below] Fan-jet draws in extra air through an enlarged inlet [1]. This extra air is partly compressed [2]. Then, still cool, it shoots through side exits as extra exhaust, giving extra power to the plane.



in twice as much air as ordinary jets and gives the thrust twice as much body. The result is 30% extra power—so much that the plane itself had to be changed.

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## STRANGER ON THE BEACH

I THINK I first noticed him not because he was a stranger but because of something about him that was unlike the other men who swim from the small, remote beach on which I spend most of my summer mornings. It wasn't the way he was dressed. His swimming trunks were identical with those the other men wore, his linen hat as crushed as the next one. He had his back to me, so that he was no more than a figure against the water's edge, and still there was something that set him apart, something that baffled me. Maybe it's the way he is standing, I thought—arms akimbo, his head turned to look down the beach instead of out to sea, his legs firmly spread. "He doesn't look like a man on a beach," I said to myself. "He looks like a man on a curbstone, waiting for a taxi." As I watched, a girl joined him. She wore a limp, dark dress that the wind blew close about her, and she was barefoot and hatless. She was almost as tall as the man. She went close to him and put her head against his shoulder in a gesture that was at once tender and submissive. "Honeymooners," I decided, and expected to see him throw a responsive arm about her, but he kept his hands on his hips, and did not even turn his head.

I went back to the book that I had been reading, and when I looked up from it again the two were walking away from the water in a line that would bring them past me. As they came nearer, I saw that the man was older than I had imagined, and the girl much younger—somewhere between sixteen and seventeen, perhaps, though she had none of the crisp assurance of that age. She wore no makeup, and her long hair had a careless look that was not entirely the fault of the wind. She was not pretty, but her obvious lack of concern with herself was appealing. Her eyes caught mine, and I smiled at her. At once she came straight to me. "What are you reading? I love to read. I'm reading all the classics." She said it all in a breath, as a child might—not a child showing off but a child who has discovered a new accomplishment and is a little awed by it. I showed her my book, which was a murder mystery, and she read the title aloud. "Is it like 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue'?" she asked, but before I could tell her that it wasn't quite as good as Poe, the man, who had stopped a little behind her, interrupted. "I don't see your mother," he said.

I looked up at him. He was standing

## the village store



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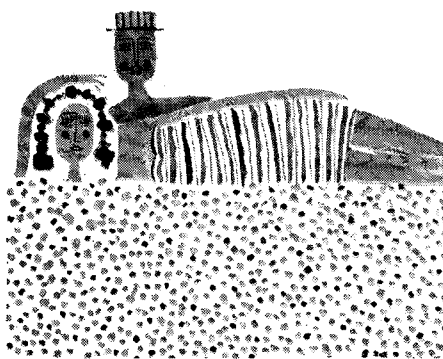
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BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

far," I said to the girl. "There's the shelf."

"Shelf?"

"That's what we call it," I said, not without unction. "The beach drops. It drops quite sharply, so that you are in deep water almost at once. It's a little like stepping off a cliff. It's nice here, as you say, but it isn't as innocuous as it looks."

The man turned his head away a little more. "I like deep water," he said. "I like the open sea."

The girl touched his arm. "There's Mother now," she said. I looked to where she pointed, and saw a plump blond woman coming from the dunes. Her beach pajamas, doggedly Italian in design, and her matching beach hat and bag made an ensemble that might have been taken intact from a mannequin in a window display, and the woman wore it as though it had been put on her by a window dresser. Stumbling beside her was a boy of about two, his baby stomach bulging over his minute red trunks.

The man went to meet them, but before the girl followed him she stooped and touched my book. "I'm almost through Dostoevski," she said.

I WENT back to my murder story, but, as always on the beach, I was lulled by the sounds about me—the murmurs of voices from friendly nearby groups, the muffled shouts from children in the water, the sound of the surf on the sand. I think my eyes were closing when I heard a scream. Screams are commonplace on our beach. People scream facetiously when the sea is cold. Children scream at being dragged blue-lipped from the same water. Children scream in play, and sometimes out of the sheer joy of being alive. But this was a scream of utter terror.

I pulled myself up and looked down to the water. The man was there, stooping to hold his son fast in the shallow wash. It came barely to the man's knees, but it almost covered the terrified child, and when the water ebbed, the man scooped up handfuls to splash over the small, straining body. Some children had stopped to stare. The child screamed again, and they moved away. It seemed to me that for a moment the whole beach was very quiet. Then the man picked him up by the armpits and carried him to where his mother was sitting on the sand, and dropped him at her feet. The woman took him without a word and wrapped him in a towel that the girl gave her. Neither of them spoke, and neither of them looked at the man. On his mother's lap, the boy still cried with

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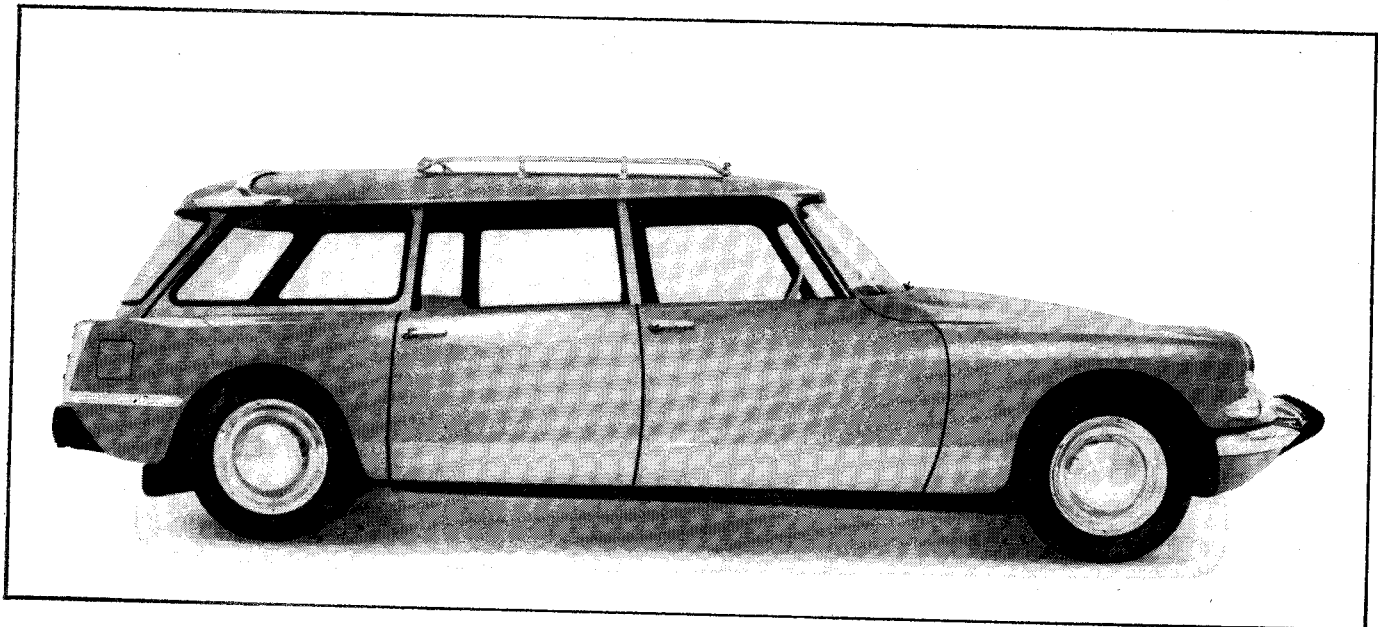
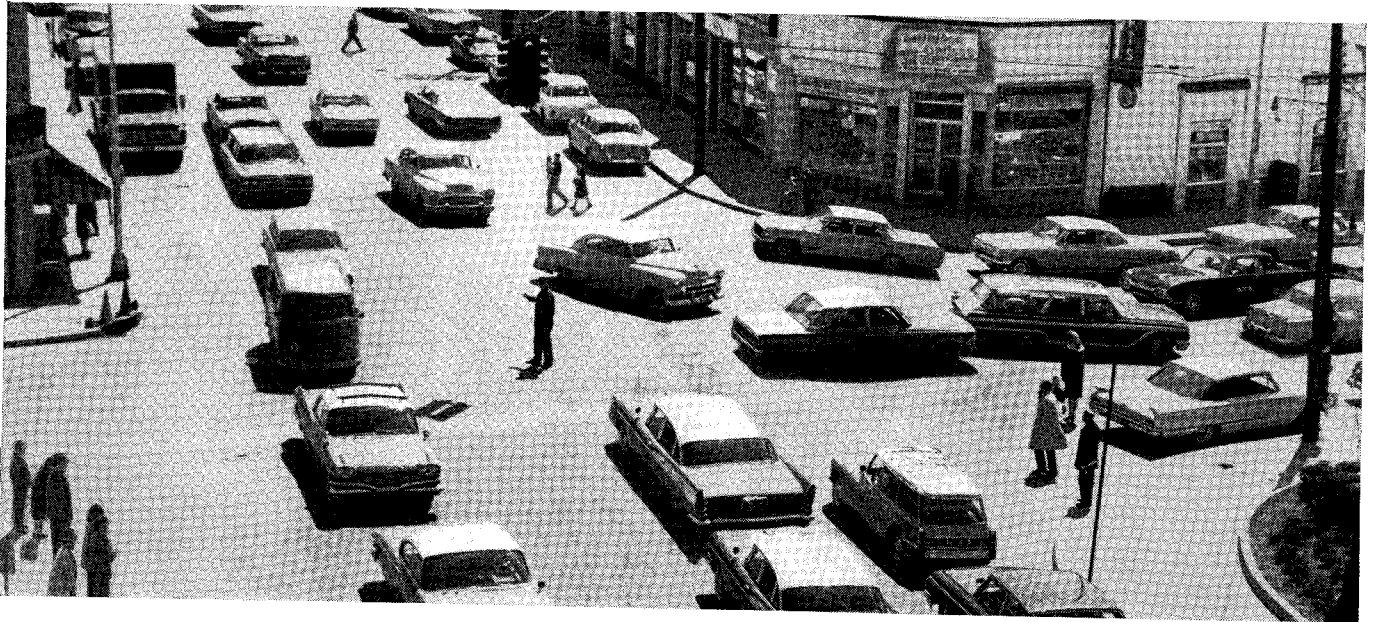
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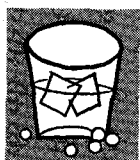
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the dreadful sobs of a child wakened from a nightmare; he stopped and caught his breath and strangled and cried again.

I got up and went down to the water and swam out a little way. When I felt calmer, I started back to the shore. The man was standing there motionless, legs spread, hands on hips.

I went back to my place and towelled off. I don't like to sit in wet bathing things, but it was still early, and I thought I might go in again. I pulled on my robe and hunted in my bag for a cigarette, lit it, and with damp fingers opened my book, but I had lost interest in it, and after a page or two I leaned back in my low beach chair and looked to where the child and his mother had been. They were gone, but the girl was there, sitting motionless, her hands clasped over her drawn-up knees. "Poor child," I said to myself, and, as if she had heard me, she looked up and then down again to her clasped hands. She opened and closed them, and got up slowly and came over to me.

"I like Thackeray better than Dickens," she said.

I glanced at the water. The man had left it, and was walking stiffly along the shore away from us.

"Tell me about your reading," I said. "Are you taking a course?"

She shook her head and sank down beside me. "I do it by myself," she said. She dug her fingers into the sand and let it drift through them.

"But how did you begin?" I asked her. "At school?"

"I started there," she said. "But no one said to read all the rest. I just wanted to." She found a pebble and weighed it in her hand.

"Well," I said, "it will all be very useful when you go to college."

"I don't think I'm going," she said. She threw the pebble up and caught it. "But my brother is going, when he grows up."

"That's a long way off," I said, "but probably he's already entered for your father's college—I mean, if fathers still do that."

The girl looked up at me. "Father didn't go," she said, "so my brother has to." She put the pebble back on the sand, and carefully buried it. "I'm starting on Shakespeare next," she said.

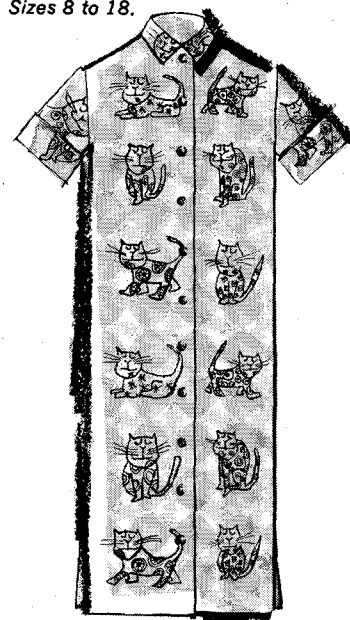
Just then four or five youngsters rushed past us, scattering sand behind them in their dash for the ocean. The girl watched them as they flung themselves flat in it, to be pulled in and out and rolled over and over.

"They like the sea," she said.

"Well, they've been in it practically

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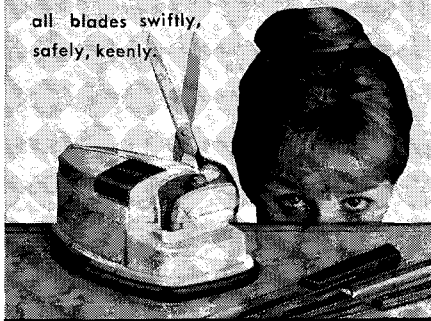
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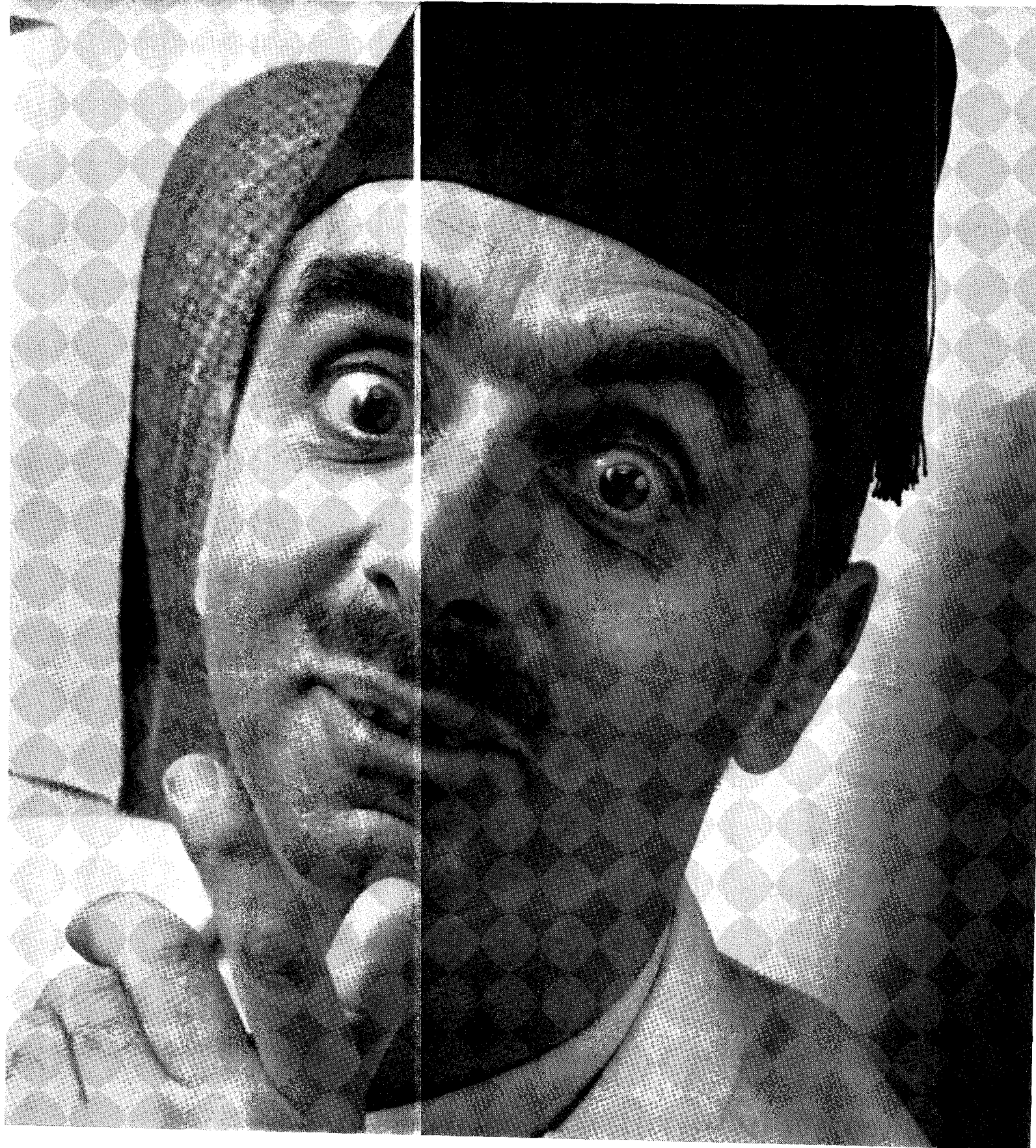


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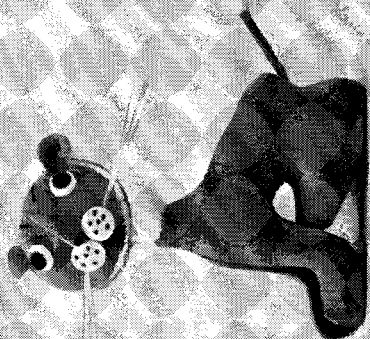
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since they were born," I told her. "Some of them since *before* they were born." I indicated a homely, pregnant young woman, who was carefully making her way into the sparkling surf. "Next year she'll be back with that baby, and taking him in with her."

The girl was silent, and on an impulse I leaned toward her. "Look," I said. "The children here love the water because no one has forced them into it."

She let her head droop, but I knew she was listening.

"If your father wants your brother to love the water as much as *he* does, he must let him find it for himself. Let him paddle about in it, let him make friends with it. Let him play by himself at the edge till he gets used to it. Or your father could take him out on his shoulders and swim around with him. That's what lots of the fathers do, even with babies."

The girl pushed her long hair away from her face. "Yes," she said. She brushed sand from her dress and got up and took a step or two away, then came back.

"My father can't swim," she said gently. "My father is afraid of the water."

She left me and went to meet the man, who was coming back along the shore, and when she reached him she stopped and put her head on his shoulder, and then, together, they walked on up the beach. —PATRICIA COLLINGE

There are not only political and moral reasons why the richer countries around the Pacific should help the poorer ones, Hoffman told the meeting, but "good sound reasons," too.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Let's not drag *them* in!

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We are pleased to announce a new Group Accidental Death, Dismemberment, and Permanent Total Disability Plan.—*Memorandum from the business office of the University of Illinois*.

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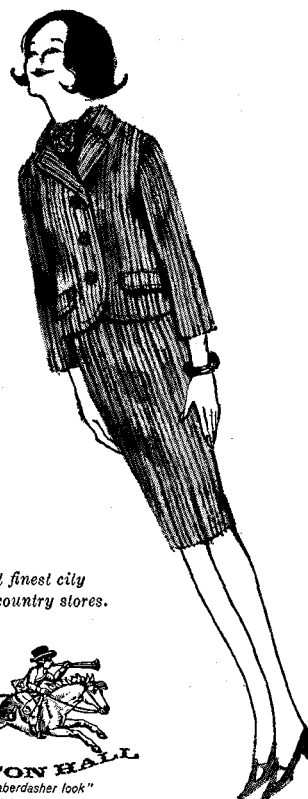
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Memorandum from Harper & Row, received by a Chicago newspaper*]

—CORRECTION—

On a recent release sent to you on "Partnership for Progress," we stated that the book, which will be published on June 12, would have a Foreword by Jean Monnet. The book, written by Pierre Uri, will have only a Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge.

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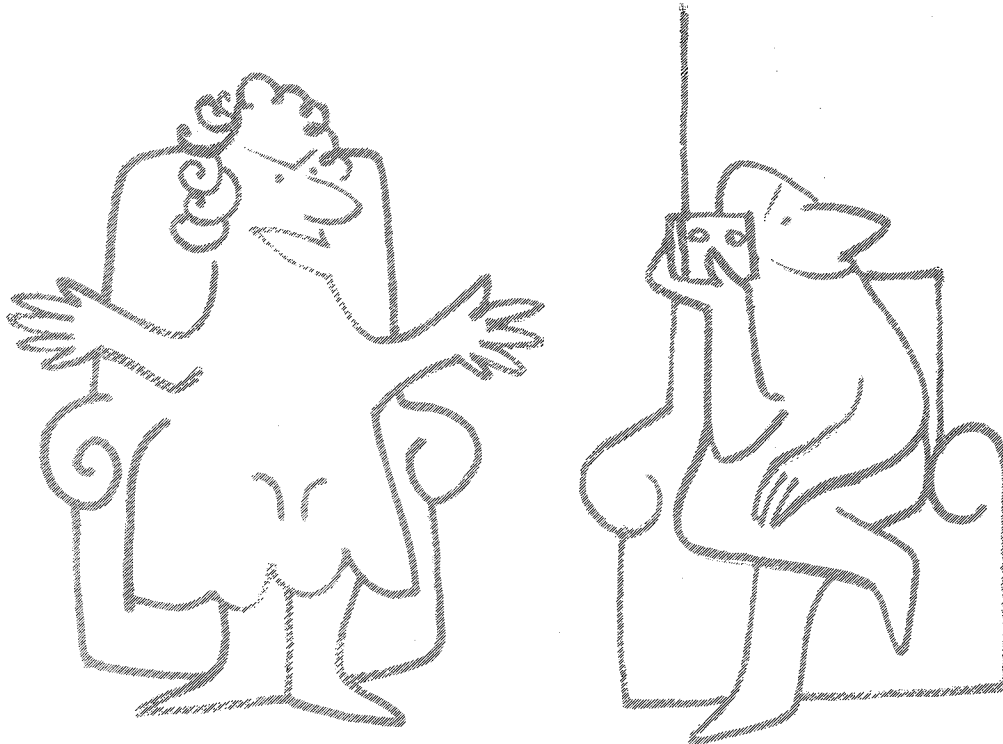
thru June 28

**Still Life**

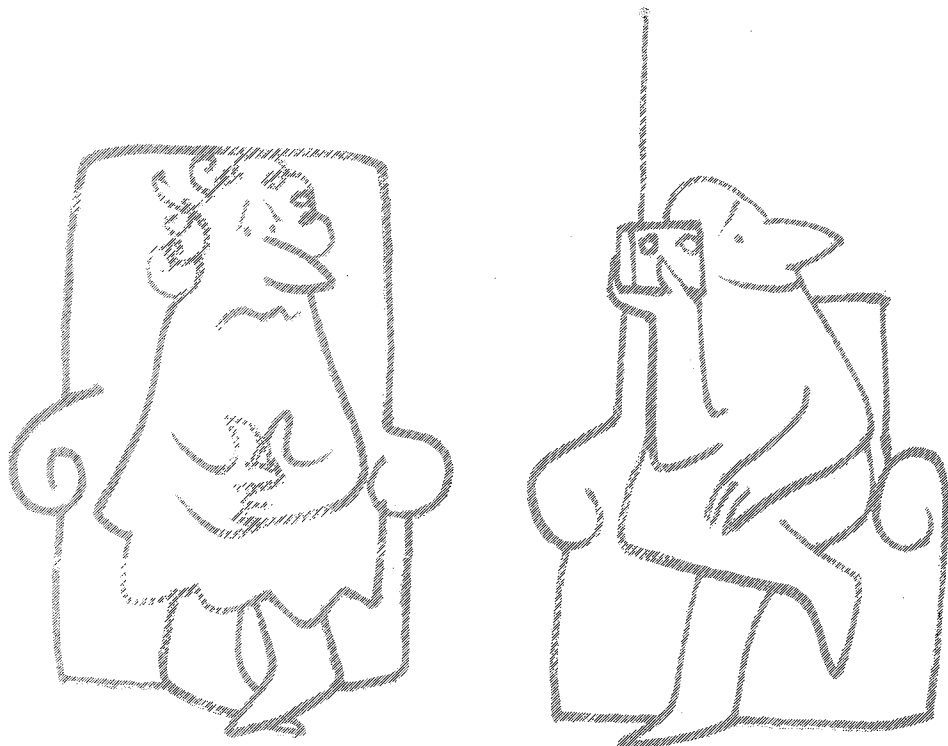
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## THE RACE TRACK

*Eight for Windfields*



**A**FTER as thrilling a race and finish as anyone at Toronto's Woodbine can remember, the hundred-and-fourth running of the Queen's Plate was won last Saturday by E. P. Taylor's Canebora, who came in a length ahead of W. J. Farr's Son Blue and a length and a half ahead of Conn Smythe's Warriors Day. It was the eighth time the colors of Mr. Taylor's Windfields Farm had been carried to victory in Canada's classic for three-year-olds. The weather the day before had been threatening, but the Plate was run in beautiful early-summer sunshine, before a crowd only a few thousand short of the record one that turned out when Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the racecourse last year. Though there was no royal visitor this year, there was all the pageantry of Plate Day. The Governor-General's Horse Guards, in full dress, escorted the Honourable Earl Rowe, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, as he paraded down the stretch in an open landau; the band provided the proper flourishes and ruffles (but no drum majorettes); and there were red carpets and lots of morning coats and gray top hats in the Members' enclosure. It was a good show—but it always is at Woodbine.

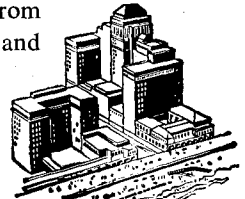
Directly after Kisco Kid, who won the Paumonok Handicap at Aqueduct last March, had led from start to finish in the Highland Stakes Handicap, the crowd began gathering around the big walking ring behind the grandstand to see the Queen's Plate runners. There were nineteen of them, and I thought Canebora, a big, rangy dark-brown colt, looked as fit as a favorite ought to look. Others who caught my eye were Royal Maple, who was also well fancied in the betting, and Warriors Day, who had drawn the outside post position—usually a big handicap. The rest seemed just run-of-the-mill three-year-olds to me. They all got away well, which was a remarkable thing in itself when you consider how many runners and riders were scrabbling for the gold and glory, and the only untoward incident was that Royal Maple was crowded back shortly after he left the gate. In the run past the stand the first time, Askum, a 60-1 chance, led



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by a narrow margin, but a couple of furlongs farther on he scooted five or six lengths ahead of Warriors Day, who was running second, and gave some of the long-shot players a thrill. In the meantime, Canebora had been moving up so steadily that it was obvious he'd be right there at the finish. Taking the lead on the home turn, he stood off challenges from Warriors Day and Son Blue, but, if you ask me, it was the strong ride by Ycaza that did the trick at the end. With weaker handling, Canebora might have been no better than third. Pete McCann, who trains the colt and gallops him mornings, deserves full marks, too. In my book, he's the top Canadian trainer.

Canebora's share of the purse was \$54,850—the largest ever for the race—but there was a time when you could have bought him cheap, as horses go nowadays. For years, Mr. Taylor has offered all his yearlings for sale every September, without reserve, and each with a take-it-or-leave-it price tag. When the sale is over, he races what is left. At the 1961 sale, nobody would give \$7,500 for a colt by Canadian Champ out of Menebora, and this colt was later named Canebora and put in the racing stable at Windfields. By the way, Son Blue, Royal Maple (he was fourth), Menedit, Hop Hop, and Medalia S., who were also-rans in the Queen's Plate, were all bred by Mr. Taylor and sold at the 1961 sale.

**W**ELL, Candy Spots was beaten in the Chicagoan Stakes at Arlington Park last weekend. He got away slowly and didn't settle into his stride for a couple of furlongs, and then ran into close quarters and had to be taken up sharply by Shoemaker to avoid a spill. Still, the chart shows that he got his head in front in the stretch and wasn't able to stand off the rush of B. Major, a colt with so little form that he was nearly 40-1 in the betting. It was the third hard race in three weeks for Candy Spots. I fancy he could do with a rest.

**M**Y stay-at-home observer reports that neither the weather at Aqueduct nor racing luck was kind to Jim Fitzsimmons on his final day as head trainer for the Wheatley Stable and Ogden Phipps. A shower spoiled a little ceremony honoring the eighty-nine-year-old horseman, and the last racer he saddled for the stable ran fourth in the Bowling Green Handicap, won by something named Pollingfold. Too bad.

—AUDAX MINOR



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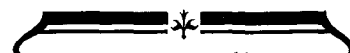
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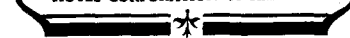
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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 13

THE President's proclamation of a state of "moral crisis" is surely the most important one he has ever made and perhaps the most important one he ever will make. For the first time in history, the government has championed complete equality for the Negro as a matter of right; for the first time, it has acknowledged a moral obligation to seek equality, as a matter of right, by political means. This changes a great many things—and it may in the end change just about everything. It could, for example, have an early and powerful impact on economic policy and on the economy itself. Until a few days ago, the administration was husbanding most of its political strength for the coming Congressional battle over its tax proposals. The defeat of those proposals, administration experts believe, could lead to a severe crisis in the economy. Now the administration has determined to throw all its resources into a fight for passage of the comprehensive civil-rights legislation that will go to Congress next week. This re-deployment of energy does not mean an abandonment of the battle over taxes, but it could lead to that—or it could mean the loss of the battle. (Yesterday the House quite unexpectedly voted down an authorization of four hundred and fifty million dollars for the Area Redevelopment Administration, which is charged with helping economically distressed areas combat unemployment. Fifty-four Southern members of the President's party, most of whom normally support him on economic matters, voted against the authorization, which lost by five votes.) The recession that the President fears will come about if Congress does not act favorably on his proposals would, in turn, affect many other things. It would alter, in unforeseeable but nevertheless inevitable ways, the

political outlook for 1964. It would be damaging to our costly foreign and military policies, which require increased revenue for their implementation. And it would, of course, bring new anguish to the American Negro himself, who lives far out on the edges of the economy and is always the first to suffer from its shrinkage. The President's proclamation—against the now highlighted background of the circumstances that compelled it—is bound to affect even his immediate diplomatic undertakings. The mission that will take him to Europe at the end of next week was planned early this year as a test of his strength against that of General de Gaulle. It will still be a combat of sorts, and it is not inconceivable that the American combatant will be strengthened by the candor and dignity of his proclamation. He will not, however, be the same man as the one who picked up the challenge in January. At that time, he was fresh from a notable triumph—in the Caribbean, in October—of will

and nerve and power. From the look of things at the turn of the year, nothing was more urgent than a reassertion of American interest in the development of unity in Western Europe. Now he goes abroad representing a federal union that, a century after its certification in blood, must rely on force to compel assent to the charter of its unity. The moral crisis he will leave behind him for a time cannot possibly be an eight-day wonder, as the missile crisis was.

It will be said everywhere, here and abroad, that the President did not act until he was forced to act. This is true, but his calculations were honorably strategic ones. He has never been personally or politically indifferent to the injustices and inequities that the Negro has endured. He is, after all, the first Abolitionist President—the first to take office with the conviction that no form of segregation or discrimination is morally defensible or socially tolerable. He has favored civil-rights legislation all along, but he has been skeptical, as he must be today, of the chances of getting

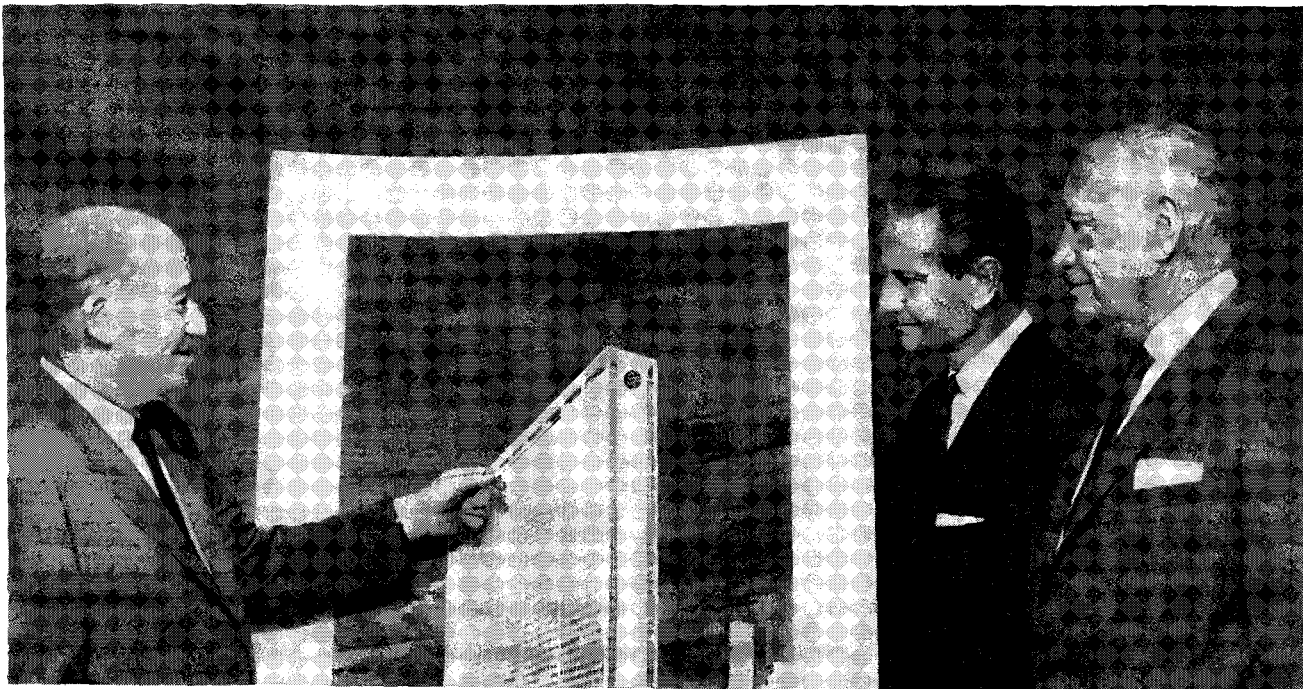
it, and he has, besides, considered that there were more and speedier remedies for the inequities in a sturdy economy than in civil-rights bills that would probably die aborning. He has felt, as one of his aides told a reporter this week, that the right to buy a cup of coffee could be enjoyed only by a man with a dime. And the coffee purveyor's need of the Negro's dime would be a powerful stimulus to desegregation—a proposition that has proved itself in at least a few cities. The future may reveal that the President's original instincts were sound. Equality of opportunity is not much of a prize if it is accompanied by diminished opportunity. At any rate, the bills are almost ready for the hopper, and it is plain that he is venturing a great deal. If he succeeds, it will be a famous victory, despite the lateness of the hour. This will be particularly true if he also wins his



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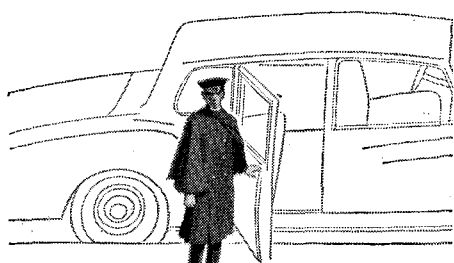
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battle for economic growth through tax reduction, or if the recession he fears does not materialize. His civil-rights proposals are said to go very far indeed, covering practically every institutionalized form of segregation and discrimination. Enacted and energetically enforced, they would be a great monument to his administration—perhaps the greatest he could possibly hope for—and a splendid display of a modern democracy's capacity for renewing itself and honoring its best traditions in the observance. But he now has no reason to be confident of success. Although he has more than enough votes in both the Senate and the House, it is anything but certain that his supporters can break a Southern filibuster in the Senate. For the imposition of closure by the necessary two-thirds vote, they will need the help of more than two-thirds of the Republican delegation, and this, at the moment, they are far from certain of having. On issues involving race, there no longer exists the coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans that formed in the late thirties. There is, however, a new coalition of Southern Democrats and both Republicans and Democrats from the Western mountain states and the Great Plains. It is less powerful than the old one, but it has had the strength so far to head off any issues that could be expected to provoke the South to filibuster. It is possible that the Negro's cry for justice will now be heard even in those states where the Negro population is small and politically negligible. But if that is not the case, the one administration hope will lie in finding one or two Senators from the Deep South whose contracts with the electorate have a few years to run and who can be persuaded that there are honors to be won from the historians for men with the courage to break with the past and speak up for justice. Yet if such men are found, their votes may be offset by those of Northern senators who, though filled with enthusiasm for civil rights in the past, may be apprehensive of legislation that could open the suburbs of Northern cities and membership in the Northern trade unions to Negroes.

"It's going to be a warm summer," Senator Hubert Humphrey said on the day of the President's speech, which was also the day of the Tuscaloosa confrontation. It will be blazing hot for several summers if the filibuster cannot be broken. The passage of just laws, the President says, should move the quest for equality from the streets to the courts. It follows that if just laws fail of passage, the quest must be returned to the



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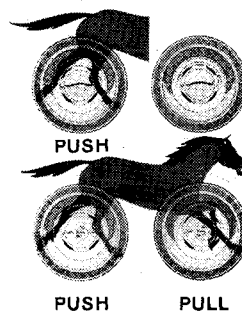
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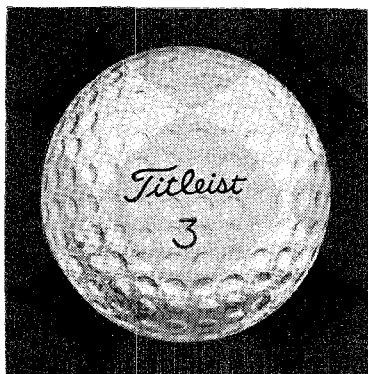
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streets—if, indeed, it is ever removed from them, which seems unlikely, since the demonstrations have already produced so much, including this week's momentous decision by the President. If it were reasonable to hope that the demonstrations could be controlled by the resolute and politically mature men who have been in charge of most of them up to now, this would be by no means the worst of prospects; a movie house desegregated by pickets is no better or worse than one desegregated by an act of Congress or a court order. But the hope seems unreasonable. Non-violence is not a principle to which Negro Americans—or, for that matter, any Americans—have a deep and binding attachment. For the resistance, non-violence—as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and others have repeatedly said—is essentially a strategy. (Dr. King himself happens to be a disciple of Gandhi and Tolstoy; he is not, however, the official philosopher of the Negro resistance but simply one of its more resourceful leaders.) A strategy must be judged in pragmatic terms; when it no longer works, it is ready for junking. Beyond non-violence lies only a choice of surrender or violence, and there is no reason to believe that the Negro resistance would accept the first without having a fling at the second. If a successful filibuster brings defeat to the President's program and despair to the Negro community, violence is certain to be resorted to. And the success of the Southern bloc in Congress would make the white-supremacy crowd more cock-a-hoop than ever. At present, that crowd's leaders are themselves committed to non-violence, and to the employment of their police power (if only halfheartedly in some places) to prevent the use by whites of fists, bricks, bottles, and guns. But there seems little reason to think that if their senators have the wind to beat back the President's proposals, and thus liberate them from the fear of further encroachments by the federal power, they would not use the most effective means at their disposal to put down the resistance.

For a time in May, the President seemed ready to endorse and encourage the resistance in the streets. In a speech at Vanderbilt University, he said that the "determination" of the demonstrators was "in the highest traditions of American freedom." This was wrapping Dr. King in the Stars and Stripes and telling Dixie, where so much of a Democratic President's power is centered, that it was training its hoses not only on the shades of John Brown and



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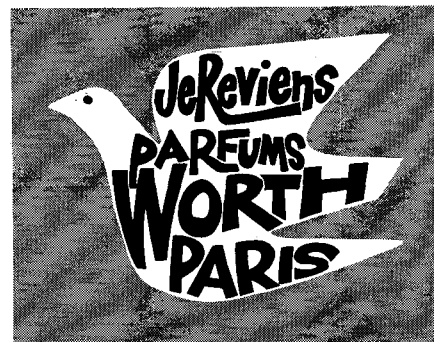
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William Lloyd Garrison but on those of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, and even Robert E. Lee and his horse Traveller. It was an act of considerable daring. Ordinary citizens may cheer on a movement that seeks justice in defiance of statutes and court orders which are either inherently unjust or unjustly administered, but a chief magistrate does so at his peril. One imagines that little more talk of this sort will be heard. The President has committed himself to the law as a process and as a method. He is resting his case on the language of the Constitution and on the requirements of justice. Yet even this has its perils. There are moves afoot to amend the Constitution in ways that would make segregation entirely and perhaps eternally "legal." Should any of them succeed—and it is not at the moment clear whether the events of this week have lessened or increased their chances—the President might find himself fulfilling his oath of office by using troops to uphold Constitutional injustice. (Provided there were any "federal" troops. The purpose of the amendments is the dismemberment of the Union by restoring supreme legislative and judicial powers to the states.) For the present, though, he needs most of the existing law as much as the country, in his view, needs more law.

THE day before the President addressed the nation on its moral crisis, he spoke to the world on American foreign policy and announced that, in order "to make clear our good faith and solemn convictions" on the eve of the Moscow negotiations on nuclear testing, he had ordered the suspension of tests in the earth's atmosphere for as long as other powers refrain from testing. "We will not be the first to resume," he said. There were many other things of interest in the speech, which was a commencement address at American University here, and which in any other week would have stirred immediate debate, in and out of the government. It has already done so abroad, where it is being read as a whole compendium of new departures in American diplomacy. "Let us reexamine our attitude toward the Cold War," the President said at one point, and although he did not proceed with a reexamination then and there, his address was rich in suggestions that a good many things have been under close scrutiny on the highest levels of the administration, including the highest level of all—his own mind. Taken in its entirety, the speech seemed

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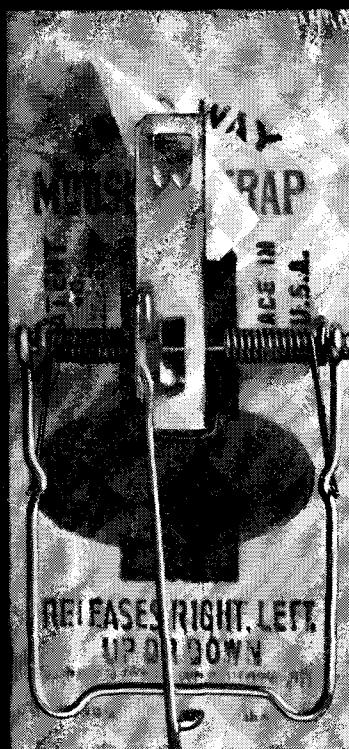
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an effort to establish a whole new order of priorities. No precise order was stated, or even suggested, but it seemed clear that for the first time in eighteen years a President was speaking of American policy without making the Cold War the paramount matter of concern. In his present mood, Mr. Kennedy attaches more importance to disarmament as the one sure means of avoiding hot war than he does to any kind of diplomatic, military, or economic strategy for gaining advantage or "victory" in the Cold War. Indeed, he spoke at times of the Cold War as if it hardly existed any longer, as if the issues that once were so large were now few and often trivial, and as if the main causes of whatever tensions still exist were matters of misunderstanding, rhetoric, and historical lag. "We are both caught up in a vicious and dangerous cycle, with suspicion on one side breeding suspicion on the other," he said. "We must deal with the world as it is, and not as it might have been had the history of the last eighteen years been different. . . . History teaches us that enmities between nations, as between individuals, do not last forever. . . . 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' . . . Let us reexamine our attitude toward the Soviet Union. . . . 'The American people [should not see] only a distorted and desperate view of the other side.'"

The speech was, of course, political, in the sense that it was written with a political objective in mind. The President wants an end to the proliferation of nuclear weapons, and he fears that this will never be possible if the Soviet Union and the United States cannot at an early date negotiate a treaty on nuclear testing. He wants the Russians to abandon tests at a time when their doing so would mean their accepting, permanently, second place in nuclear military capability. Even where relationships between nations are cozy and intimate, a deal of this sort requires unusual efforts at buttering up the certain losers. No amount of buttering would get the United States Senate to ratify a treaty condemning us to permanent inferiority, and it may be that no amount of it will work in Moscow. However, the President was trying hard, and not everything he said was purely political in purpose. It has been obvious for years that in many parts of the world the Cold War is a matter more of form than of substance. Except for Berlin, it is over in Europe, which was its only important battleground at the outset. It is dragging on in Laos and South Vietnam, but



**mouse trap**



**Miss trap**

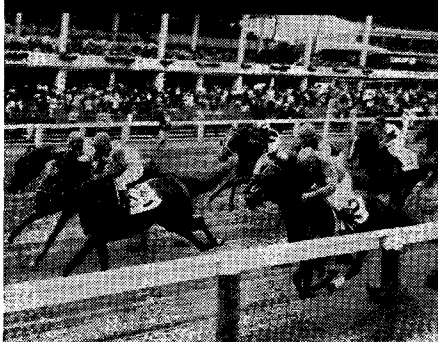
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in the rest of Asia the most significant conflict is the Sino-Soviet one. It is dormant in Africa and most of the Middle East. It may flare up in Latin America before long, but even there it might take the form of a Sino-Soviet conflict. In any case, what has plainly happened is that both the Soviet Union and the United States have become distracted by matters that have arisen outside the original area of antagonism. The distractions are quite similar in nature. Both superpowers are having trouble with their client states, and both are having trouble at home—the Soviet with its economy, the United States with its Negro minority. Throughout the world, it has suddenly become harder to keep allies together than to keep enemies apart. And more effort may be needed to preserve the peace domestically than to preserve it internationally. "Finally, my fellow-Americans," the President said at American University, "let us examine our attitude toward peace and freedom here at home. The quality and spirit of our own society must justify and support our efforts abroad. . . . 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.' " The passage from Scripture isn't susceptible of proof, and it certainly wouldn't be accepted on faith by the family and friends of the late Medgar Evers, of Jackson, Mississippi—whose mayor, incidentally, last week said, "This is about as close to Heaven as a city can get." A newspaper in Accra yesterday proposed that a Ghanaian Peace Corps be sent to that near-Heaven. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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**A**CCORDING to a placard I saw the other day in a lobby window of the newly completed New York Hilton, the hotel is to be dedicated—not merely opened, mind you, like an ordinary hotel, but *dedicated*, like a public monument—at high noon on June 26th. The placard noted that Conrad Hilton and a lot of other dignitaries would be flying in from far corners of the earth for the occasion. No doubt it'll be a festive time for them, and for plenty of local dignitaries as well, but it won't for me. Even before it has opened—I mean, been dedicated—I've developed a personal grudge against the Hilton. Month after month, I've watched the shiny new structure lifting itself out of the huge hole between Fifty-fourth Street and Fifty-fifth Street, on the west side of Sixth Avenue, and have wished—oh, not that it would fall down, but that the blockfront were still made up of the ancient, dowdy brownstones that stood there a couple of years ago. This wish isn't just a matter of liking old things better than new; I've a private reason for particularly disliking the Hilton building, and the reason is that it has robbed me of the only immortality I've ever imagined for myself—a nice, small, cozy immortality, no less important to me because it was practically anonymous. My joy in this immortality has been simple, and perhaps even slightly simple-minded; it consisted in knowing that my initials were cut in the concrete sidewalk in front of one of those old brownstones. The letters had been put there on the day of my birth, twenty-one years ago, and they remained there until this spring, when a gang of men with air hammers came along and started breaking up the pavement.

Needless to say, I didn't put the initials there, as a newborn infant; the deed was perpetrated by my uncle, who was then a young free-lance photographer living in a building on the east side of the avenue. Because he was young and new to his profession, he had lots of spare time, much of which he spent at his windows, watching neighborhood goings on. The day I was born, he happened to be watching some men as they mixed and poured a batch of fresh concrete for a sidewalk across the way. My uncle was enchanted by the sight (it's the sort of sight that still enchants him, though he hasn't much time these days to be enchanted in), and, for all I know, it may have occurred to him to wish he were a child again, free to scratch some proof of his existence on that unmarked page. In any event, hav-



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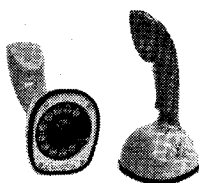
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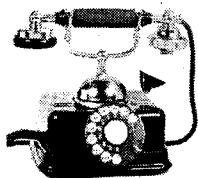
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ing heard from my father that I'd been born, and having been out at a late party, he came home that night by way of the new sidewalk and, as a gift to an equally new niece—a gift that was also, for him, an excuse for an act of boyish derring-do—drew an "E." and a "B." in the marvellous wet stuff.

**M**Y uncle must have taken great pains with those initials. Though his instrument was only the tip of an ordinary pencil, he incised them so deeply and trimly that, after two decades, they showed not a trace of wear. My family and I live a couple of blocks from the sacred spot, and over the years I have paid many a fond visit to my initials. For some reason, I kept them a secret from all my friends at school. Doing an errand in the neighborhood, I often persuaded a classmate to make what seemed to her an utterly meaningless detour, in order for me to take in that undistinguished-looking stretch of pavement. (A grubby bar occupied the ground floor of the brownstone facing it.) I was especially pleased whenever I happened to encounter a passerby studying my initials. To think that I knew whose initials they were and that he didn't! It seemed all the more desirable to keep my first birthday present a private glory because it was so public; I didn't want to share it with a soul.

With one exception, and that was a person I'd never met. Ours is a theatrical neighborhood, much given to gossip of the good old days, and little by little a legend grew that my "E.B." stood for the great Ethel Barrymore. Once, coming home from college and stopping in at a drugstore near the site, I heard the old man behind the cigar counter telling a customer how Ethel Barrymore herself had cut them there—"back in the nineties, it was," he said, with an old man's solemn conviction, and to my astonishment I felt no impulse to correct him. I was prepared to lend my initials to Ethel Barrymore, anyway for the time being; she had died the year before, and the least I could do in her honor was to shore up her immortality with mine.

And then the blow fell on Miss Barrymore and me, for the whole block was bought up and the brownstones torn down and the hole dug and the hotel started, and in March of this year the time came to lay a new and grander sidewalk, worthy of Mr. Hilton and his far-flung friends. One morning, I stood and watched, uncle-like, as the sidewalk was broken up; silently, unable to protest, I saw the chunk bearing my "E.B." loaded onto a truck and carted away,

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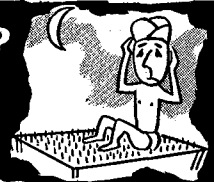
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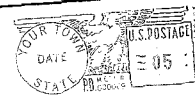
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probably to be dumped in the harbor. A few days later, a gang of men arrived to lay the new sidewalk. Summoning my courage, I approached one of the men and awkwardly confessed the no longer valuable secret of my initials in the vanished sidewalk. Could I, by any chance, please, *please* be permitted to scratch a set of initials in the concrete after he poured it? The man was very polite; I could almost hear him telling himself that in New York you meet all kinds, but his actual words were to the effect that while he'd be glad to let me do so, it wouldn't be of any use, because the moment the boss spotted the initials he'd order them rubbed out. Then, reading my mind, he added that there was always a night watchman on duty and that I mustn't think of trying anything after he and the other men went home. Having thus dashed my hopes, he took pity on me and said gently that I might, if I liked, press a penny into one corner of the sidewalk.

Glancing through my handbag, I fished up a fairly bright 1960 penny and placed it in the wet concrete, a few inches in from the curb. I thanked the man for his kindness and went off with a comparatively light heart—that section of Sixth Avenue was still, in a secret fashion, mine. But my joy was short-lived; when, a couple of days later, I passed the site, I found that the penny had been covered over. Either the boss had come along and ordered it covered or the man himself had merely been placating me. At any rate, I had lost, for a secret and yet visible immortality is one thing, but a secret immortality that has been buried an inch or so deep in solid concrete is quite another.

—ELLEN BAY

The May meeting of the Cordelia Stanwood Bird Club was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Adams with thirty-three present. In the absence of President Chandler Richmond the meeting was conducted by Vice-President Roger Buettell.

New birds seen since last meeting were, Red Breasted Grosbeak, Pileated Woodpecker, and one White Crowned Sparrow. Anyone seeing an Eagle will please notify Mr. Buettell.—*Ellsworth (Maine) American*.

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## BOOKS

*Salt Into Old Scars*

IN satirizing the clichés of modern American life, Herbert Gold has fallen among the clichés of modern American satire.

The worn, familiar targets—cynical Madison Avenue, opportunistic Wall Street, sterile suburbia, impersonal New York—are set up once again and duly re-assassinated. The mode of attack has become familiar, too. For years, there has been apparent—in works as disparate as “Advertisements for Myself,” “Good-bye, Columbus,” “Catch-22,” and “Naked Lunch”—a modern satirical convention: the rude ear, the jaundiced eye, and the shrill, complaining voice. The writer has a grudge against society, which he documents with accounts of unsatisfying sex, unrealized ambition, unmitigated loneliness, and a sense of local and global distress. The square, overpopulation, the bourgeois, the bomb, and the cocktail party are variously identified as sources of the grudge. There follows a little obscenity here, a dash of philosophy there, considerable whining over all, and a modern satirical novel is born. In “Salt” (Dial), Mr. Gold modifies these stereotypes of subject, tone, and sensibility with a literary formula of his own: imprecise and unmelodic prose, an angry hipster liberalism, some flashes of genuine humor, and a plot structure that has recurred, like an obsessive refrain, in nearly all his novels.

“Birth of a Hero,” his first novel, told of two men, uneasy friends—one ordinary (the hero), the other crippled and inscrutable. The hero seduced the cripple’s wife, the cripple attacked the hero’s wife, and the climax was a fight in which the hero wrested the cripple’s knife away. “The Man Who Was Not with It” told of two men, uneasy friends—one ordinary (the hero), the other a criminal and a dope addict. The hero slept with a nymphomaniac former mistress of

the addict’s, the addict attacked the hero’s wife, and the climax was a fist fight in which the hero nearly killed his criminal friend. “The Optimist” told of two men, uneasy friends—one ordinary (the hero), the other an ineffectual failure. The hero took a mistress, the failure took the hero’s wife, and the climax was a fight in which the hero kicked his rival in the groin. These three novels were set, respectively, in Cleveland, in a travelling carnival, and in Detroit. Now we have “Salt,” set in New York, and the plot is not altogether unfamiliar. It tells of two men, uneasy friends—one ordinary (the hero), the other cynical and cold. The hero takes the cynic’s former mistress, the cynic sleeps with her again, and the climax is a street fight in which the hero kicks the cynic in the groin. In each of these novels, the hero’s friend has played the role of mentor and father before the exchange of women and the hero’s figurative emasculation of him. As a narrator, Mr. Gold appears to have bogged down in muddled Freud.

The title “Salt” warns us that we are in for symbols: the salt of the author’s wit; the salt of the hero’s tears; the grain of salt with which the cynic faces life;

the salt of the sea, which is Mr. Gold’s favorite image for waves of sexual excitement; and the salt of the earth, which the author claims his heroine to be. The oranges that Peter, the cynically detached Don Juan of stockbrokers, juggles in the privacy of his apartment are symbolic of his way of life—risky, flighty, temporarily defiant of the laws of nature. The seed catalogues that Barbara, the heroine, studies in the privacy of her apartment are symbols of her healthy, creative disposition and her frustrated longing for marriage and motherhood. The odyssey that Dan, the divorced hero, must undertake is symbolic of the trials that the artist suffers in a symbolic Sodom that is New York. Employing the plot carried over from his earlier novels and the symbols improvised and mixed for this one, Mr. Gold proceeds to construct a series of satirical tableaux—a bitter tour of the offices, living rooms, basements, and bedrooms of his wicked city.

The author is certainly not everybody’s tour leader. He describes Barbara’s engagement party in Greenwich Village, at which an actress in pornographic films asks the young hostess to perform an abortion for her. (“You







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have like the aptitude.") At a party in suburbia, a guest in pink trousers makes love to his hostess while she plays a slot machine. At the zoo, a well-dressed little boy infuriates his mother by rolling in hippopotamus excrement. ("We can use more men like that in this country.") When Dan, a romantic at heart, attempts to make love to a girl named Goneril, she says sweetly, "Dan? Want me to do some nastiness for you? You name it."

You name it indeed. Mr. Gold does considerable nastiness for his reader, and a lot of rolling in excrement, too. The question is: Why? For the sake, of course, of the modern convention of satire. But surely there are, in any era, certain elementary requirements that true satire must fulfill. It must be inventive, attacking its subjects at a point where they did not know themselves to be vulnerable. It must be telling, with an accuracy of naturalistic observation that makes its subjects convincing and recognizable. It must be funny, with that quality in humor that causes readers to improve themselves with laughter.

On the first count, satirical inventiveness, Mr. Gold is totally deficient. His views on what is deplorable in modern life scarcely constitute a revelation. We knew before we met Dan the hero that divorce is an unsettling experience and that Madison Avenue is uncongenial to the artistic temperament. We knew before we met Peter the cynic that sex between selfish partners can be sordid and unsatisfactory. We knew before we met Barbara the heroine that a warm single girl in her late twenties is likely to have a rough time. We knew before reading "Salt" that New York can be a lonely place, that some cocktail parties are appalling, that contemporary global problems are staggering, and that dieting has become an American compulsion. Mr. Gold tells us these things again. And when he attempts to tell us something new, he is generally wrong or unintelligible or pseudo-profound, or all three:

We do not head for the frontier to seek proof of manliness; we find ourselves at the frontier for good reasons, not psychological ones, and because we are there.

At first, Barbara was a target. She would have preferred to be an archer or even an arrow.

Now, at a certain midpoint, I need to gather up what I have learned thus far. Having no power corrupts; having absolutely no power at all corrupts absolutely. In the crisis of meaning which afflicts us, in a time which avoids the prime questions of life on earth . . . I like others sought to find the meaning of life in love. . . . We toy with freedom like do-it-yourself hobbyists. Comes trouble! Comes joy! We seek to

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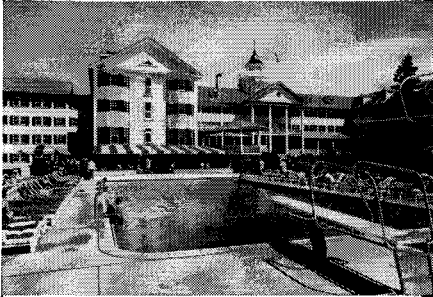
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give it up. . . The heart in this world becomes a machine, a crank, bare works burning against itself, love and feeling, smoke and hurt, nothing.

These silly passages represent Mr. Gold at his most original.

With the second requirement, accuracy of observation, the author fares better, but not much. His eye and his ear are occasionally acute, but they, too, can be unreliable. The major figures in the novel slip in and out of character until it becomes almost impossible to recognize a single speaker in two successive conversations. "Alas, I'm a bitch—that is, a borderline hysteric with a distorted sense of values and a tendency to prey on men," says the same Goneril who some pages later says, "Aw, Jeez, gosha-rooney. . . You got a nursy look about you." And the author's account of what people do is hardly more dependable than his transcription of what they say. Several characters are made to laugh themselves to tears in private—a familiar device for villains in cheap melodrama but scarcely something that occurs frequently in life. When Mr. Gold wishes, as he almost constantly does, to describe realistically two characters making love, he has them smiling amiably throughout. (They can only be smiling at the inanity of his descriptions.)

Often the author's errors of observation seem the result not of myopia but of sheer carelessness. He describes the plot of the typical children's movie as "boy-dog got girl-dog." It simply is not so, as any child moviegoer could have told him.

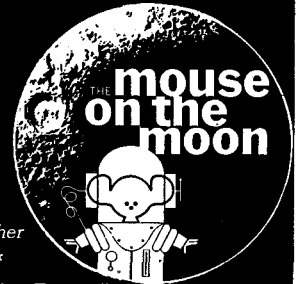
With the last requirement, being funny, Mr. Gold does best. Some of his lines will probably make the reader laugh (although not to tears in private). "More spiritual doings in a moment" has, in the context of a scene with Goneril, its bitter humor, as does "Once, in the dear dead bye-and-bye, he had held her ear in his mouth. Gone, gone, it was now all gone" in the context of a superbly farcical cocktail party. But, like many windy after-dinner speakers, Mr. Gold has a tendency to ruin a little joke by overdoing it:

And he topped his hand briefly, non-pederastically, over mine in order to indicate brotherly feeling, friendship, trust, confidence, and that at this stage in his analysis he could hold hands with a man in a restaurant without feeling queer.

"Non-pederastically" establishes the joke, and the rest of the sentence repeats it. And the passage, alas, goes on:

I squeezed back; he squeezed; we squeezed in unison; the final squeeze clinched it that I probably wouldn't be fired, maybe just not promoted, in case my campaigns failed, and that at the very least

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I would someday have a weekend in Southampton to remember him by. Persistently we untangled our hands from what might have been.

The trouble with the jokes in "Salt," however, is more serious than their tendency to be repetitious and overlong; they are burlesque masquerading as satire, low comedy pretending to be high. And in true satire the joke and the moral are inseparable; in "Salt," when the author wants to be funny, he is (in a fairly slapstick fashion), but when he wants to moralize, he preaches. No genuine satirist would indulge in the self-pity, the nagging, and the homiletics that appear in "Salt":

"Let's finish what I was saying. Men used to begin their lives with love and end it [*sic*] with ambition. Now we begin with love and ambition and finish with ambition and love—no good order to things anymore."

"Do you miss good order?"  
"Yes, I do. I do."

Whatever this means, Mr. Gold should not have to say it. The moral should lie in the humorous portrait, and need not be gravely, didactically tacked on.

Not the least of the author's problems is that he seems caught between the naughty-boy fantasies expressed in his inscrutable characters and the righteous indignation of his basically bourgeois heroes. "My stomach hurt," says Dan after watching the interlude at the slot machine; Mr. Gold himself seems to be writing with a stomach ache. On his cynical side, he repeatedly invents crude horrors—cataloguing imaginary instances of brutality, imbecility, and perversion—and then he points to them, aghast. It is often unjust to identify an author's sensibility with that of his characters, but in this case it is almost impossible not to do so: Mr. Gold has written the very novel that his urban and suburban characters, full of the satirical stereotypes that have long been current even in bourgeois irony, would have written; the clichés are precisely those of cocktail-party conversation. And he has thrown in a few imaginary scandals that only a bourgeois, essentially puritan fantasy could contrive; most of the sordid jokes are merely those that might be told, with some embarrassment, in an office men's room. It is Babbitt, walking the streets of Manhattan, who has written "Salt," with glee and shame at the daring of his own imagination.

Peter felt very cruel and drew obscure satisfaction from this judgment of himself.

So does Mr. Gold. And what is unfortunate is that without his commit-

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ment to cruelty and irony he might conceivably write carefully and well. When the author writes of the "spinster tributaries" into which Barbara's life divides after her affair with Peter, or of the "teleshachelor nod" that Peter and Dan exchange to communicate Dan's acceptance of her, it seems possible that there lies buried in "Salt" a literary talent that has simply smothered in its own misanthropy, a product of the modern convention which requires that writing, critical or creative, become not a work of art but a line of attack. On Grub Street, as on Madison Avenue, there can be a compulsion to conform, to obtain by the suppression of one's individual talents an assurance of having entered the right circles. "Salt" is an application for membership in the fraternity of fashionable discontents, all of whom would blush to utter an unsarcastic or an unpolemic word in an angry middle-aged Establishment that perennially and tediously preempts the revolution. With clichés, symbols, sordid fantasies, and outraged declamations, Mr. Gold has issued yet another in the apparently interminable series of middle-class bohemian manifestoes. —RENATA ADLER

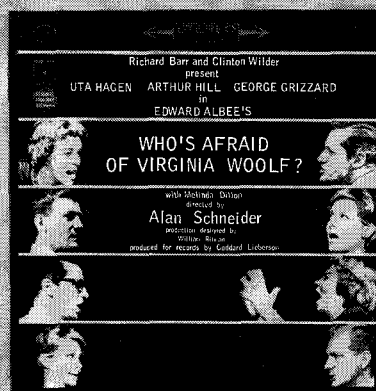
## BRIEFLY NOTED

## FICTION

EHRENGARD, by Isak Dinesen (Random House). Another of those late-blooming flowers of nineteenth-century German romanticism with which, for the last thirty years, the Baroness Blixen has beguiled the Age of Anxiety. Superficially, it has to do with the marriage and dynastic responsibilities of a young prince who has never been known to touch another human being of his own accord. Actually, it is about seduction. Or, rather—for it is one of the pleasures of these baroque tales that no sooner does the reader decide what the story is about than it proves to be about something else—it is about honor. It is about seduction and honor and—of all things—blushing. In his overweening complacency, the prince's mentor, who is a celebrated court painter famous for his portraits of beautiful women, and a professional seducer, and a busybody, sets out to ruin an aristocratic young girl, not in the orthodox and old-fashioned way, which would perhaps not have been too difficult or very interesting, but by a surrender without any physical touch. (Oh... the story is about the reluctance to touch.) With infinite trouble, patience, and perseverance on his

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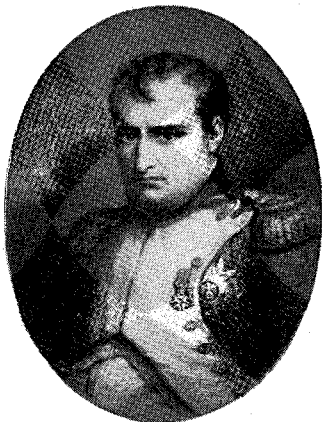
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part, she is to be placed in a situation that causes her to blush. But not out of simple embarrassment. "Her blood is to rise, in pride and amour propre . . . in the enraptured flinging over of her entire being to the powers which, till this hour, with her entire being she has rejected and denied, in full, triumphant consent to her own perdition." With the steady hand of a vaudeville magician (because now you believe in all this nonsense, now you don't), the author works her way around to an ending that is not merely a surprise but a small, neat, successful explosion.

**THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN**, by Morris L. West (Morrow). Mr. West, a serious novelist, falls flat on his face in this big try at a book about a pope. A Literary Guild selection.

### GENERAL

**DEAR PRECEPTOR: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON**, by Anna Mary Wells (Houghton Mifflin). The subject of this first-rate biography had many careers—he was a minister, poet, essayist, novelist, historian, lecturer, reformer (Abolition and women's rights), and soldier (he commanded a Negro regiment in the Civil War)—and though he didn't excel at any of them, the total added up to a useful life in the plain-living-high-thinking-Harvard-expects-every-man-to-do-his-best tradition in which he was raised. Higginson has a particular distinction—he was Emily Dickinson's friend, confidante, and appreciator. Miss Wells, who seldom defends her subject, does insist that Higginson was wrongly accused of having tampered with Emily Dickinson's poetry when it was published after her death. Miss Wells shows—and she has done the research to prove her point—that Higginson liked it as Emily wrote it; this is remarkable, considering the banality of his own verse. It's sometimes hard to tell whether the charm here is Higginson's or Miss Wells', but either way the book is a pleasure—a fine account of a New England worthy.

**FORGE OF DEMOCRACY: THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES**, by Neil MacNeil (McKay). Improbable as it sounds, the author, who is *Time's* chief Congressional correspondent, is in love with the House of Representatives. In the spirit of Shakespeare when he wrote "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," MacNeil admits that the House is more provincial in outlook than the Senate, and he



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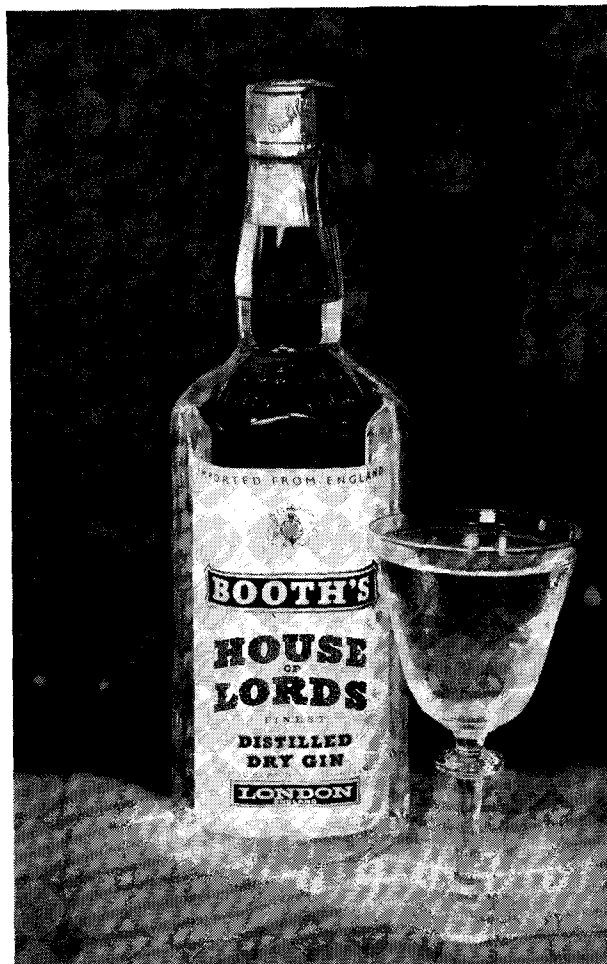
offers his favorite some dubious compliments, including "Debate in the House of Representatives never reached the stage of being totally tedious and tiresome." But for the most part the House comes off very well indeed. His method is to range from topic to topic—from relations between the House and the President, say, to the power of the Speaker—rather than to proceed chronologically. This makes for repetition, and he doesn't seem to be systematic enough at telling just how the House works today. (The stuff is there, all right, but the reader has to be prepared to leap from 1860 to 1960 and then back to 1810.) On the other hand, the scheme does offer MacNeil, who has been listening carefully on Capitol Hill, a superb opportunity to tell lots of stories of sharp, smart, funny political finagles.

**CECIL RHODES: THE COLOSSUS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA**, by J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse (Macmillan). A fair, thorough biography, scholarly and readable. Rhodes' achievements are astonishing: he made a fortune in diamonds, and a second fortune in gold; he won the political leadership of one English colony (Cape Colony) and managed the annexation of several others (Bechuanaland, the Rhodesias). Equally astonishing is the speedy dissipation of his life's work in the sixty-one years since his death. The Union of South Africa, for which he planned and labored, is no longer in the British Commonwealth, and the colonies may not be much longer. His money, about which he cared least, is all that is left working, supporting the Rhodes scholarships. The authors (the book was begun by Mr. Lockhart, who died, and completed by Mr. Woodhouse) have used documents that were previously suppressed or bypassed, but they don't pretend to have found a brand-new Rhodes—just a clearer picture of the familiar fellow. They suggest a way of understanding him that explains why he was both high-minded and underhanded. They believe that his character changed for the worse as he aged, and they ascribe this to his awareness of approaching death; fearing that he would not be able to complete his self-imposed task—the expansion of the British Empire—he took some short cuts. Rhodes was a visionary swash-buckler of a kind that is no longer in style; even his ideals—covering the world with Englishmen—have become dubious. Still, moralizing aside,



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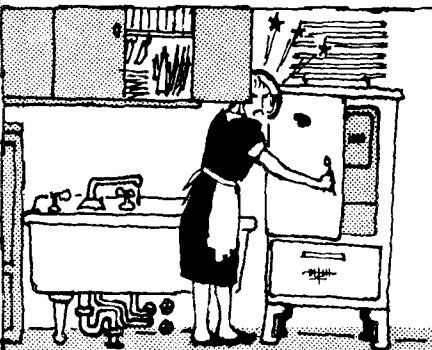
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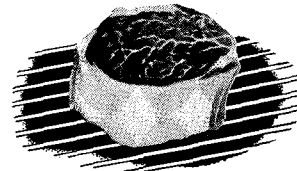
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**THE TWO-OCEAN WAR**, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Little, Brown). A splendid summary, in five hundred and eighty-six pages, of Professor Morison's unparalleled fifteen-volume report on the United States Navy in the Second World War. Like its parent work, this abridgment gains from the fact that Morison saw an extraordinarily large part of the action on both oceans, especially the Pacific, as a historian aboard eleven different warships. (His service ribbons bear seven battle stars.) It concentrates on the most important actions and campaigns, a big advantage to the ordinary landlubber, since in this way the intricate story develops a shape—even though it slights many who had the bad luck to die or to be heroes, or both, in what were, for editorial purposes, the wrong place and the wrong time. Morison's prejudices, predilections, peeves, and crotchets are, as usual, on full view. When he feels like dressing down a commander—for having his ships in line in the wrong order, say—his language is corrosive. For all its faults, though, Morison's work is great, and this summation is a delight.

**THE LONELY VOICE: A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY**, by Frank O'Connor (World). In this book, originally a series of lectures at Stanford, Mr. O'Connor, a noted short-story writer himself, discusses the short story as a literary form and appraises the work of some noted short-story writers, from Turgenev to our contemporaries. Mr. O'Connor is a captivating critic. He examines other writers' work like a clinician seeking vitality, not like an anatomist slicing dead prose. His discrimination between manner and matter is sharp, and his style in writing exposition is as good as the language of his fiction.

By **QUENTIN REYNOLDS** (McGraw-Hill). These memoirs of a successful journalist demonstrate why he achieved eminence: Reynolds can make practically anything into a marvellously readable story. When, for example, he retells his experiences in the London blitz, they seem brand-new, and when he describes his Brooklyn boyhood, his nostalgia is as catching as measles. Mr. Reynolds' artistry with an expense account (see the bill for the funeral of three goldfish) may never be matched, given recent kill-joy developments in Wash-

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ington, and his geniality, which beguiled a raft of news sources, beguiles his readers, too. He is modest about his style, and a few of his sentences do have lumps in them, but you always know what he means, and it's always something entertaining.

**THE ALEXANDER MEMOIRS: 1940-1945**, by Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis (McGraw-Hill). A fine personal report, bold and concise, on a very large segment of the Second World War. As Winston Churchill's ace-in-the-hole general, Sir Harold R. L. Alexander got some terrible, terrifying assignments: he commanded the rear guard at Dunkirk and the retreat from Burma, and then, in 1942, when the British in North Africa had been driven back almost to the Pyramids, he was told to "take or destroy" Rommel's army at the earliest opportunity. From there on—Alamein, Tunis, Sicily, Italy—Alexander's commands were more enjoyable, although he was, and is, sorry that he wasn't allowed to keep on going, pushing out of the top of Italy and heading for Vienna. His word, brief as it is, on the countless controversial questions that swirled around him is invaluable. The Marshal, as has been demonstrated, is a wise man; his fearless opinions, some of them devastating, are softened by an Olympian kind of generosity.

**THE HUNTED CHILDREN**, by Donald A. Lowrie (Norton). From the French defeat of 1940 until the Allied landings in North Africa, when the Germans occupied all of France, Mr. Lowrie, as head of the Nîmes Committee, was engaged in helping the thousands of refugees from Hitler who were cornered in the precarious haven offered by the Vichy government. A veteran of international relief work in the First World War, he had organized the committee—a conglomerate of Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, Czech, American, and Swiss relief agencies—to save lives by every means it could devise. The committee workers smuggled refugees across the Spanish border; hid German-Jewish children with French families (six thousand of them lived out the war years as little French boys and girls, and not one was lost); forged passports and visas for intellectuals and artists who were high on the Nazis' wanted lists; and placed hundreds of Czech soldiers on out-of-the-way farms. Mr. Lowrie describes his work modestly, and



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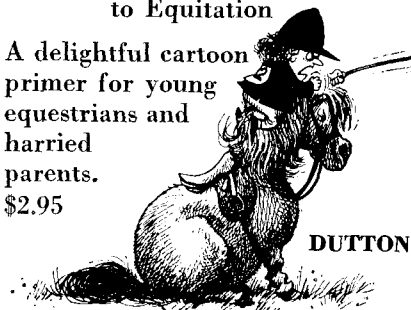
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writes of the horror and despair of those years in an understated way, but the full impact is there.

**THE PITCHER AND THE WELL** (Houghton Mifflin). The autobiography of an unidentified downed R.A.F. navigator dying of burns in a Nazi P.O.W. hospital. It was dictated in seventy-one daily sessions to a fellow-prisoner, and was addressed to a close friend, Squadron Leader J. D. McDonald, who eventually arranged for its publication. All that we are told about the author is that he was a New Zealander. We learn that he grew up in poverty, with an invalid mother and an alcoholic father; that he joined up early and flunked out as a pilot; that he trained as a navigator in Canada and was based in England soon after the Battle of Britain; that he flew innumerable missions and survived a good many crashes; that he was intelligent, conceited, unpopular, courageous, lecherous, sensitive, honest, and a writer of enormous natural talent: "They shot a wing off one of our fellows just as he was running in past us. He turned over quite slowly and then fluttered down in a horrible way, rather like a fly with one wing torn off by a sadistic child. He was much too low for anyone to get clear. He went into the smoke and glare. I didn't see any more." And when he speaks of his present condition, he has the candor to be bitter and the ability to express his bitterness: "I lie here, warm, fed, alone. An existence rather like that in a cocoon. Partial dissolution, too. Except that there isn't any escape to a glorious winged stage." This is a shattering book, and a very fine one.

## SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Hong Kong South China Morning Post]

About 15,000 people attended a Morality Promotion Social Evening at the Hong Kong Football Club's stadium, Happy Valley, last night.

The function was sponsored by the Wanchai, North Point, Happy Valley and Canal Road District, Causeway Bay and Shauiwan Kaifong Welfare Associations in connection with their joint morality promotion campaign.

The highlight of the entertainment programmes was a performance, with commentary by members of the Happy Valley kaifong and wardens of the Civil Aid Service of the virtue of a peaceful solution of water distribution problems during the drought.

Entertainments included Cantonese Opera singing, a dragon dance by a Yuen Long Group, and band music.



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EXAMINER



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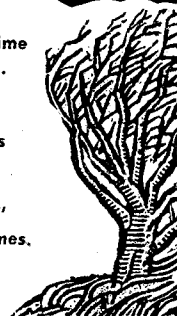
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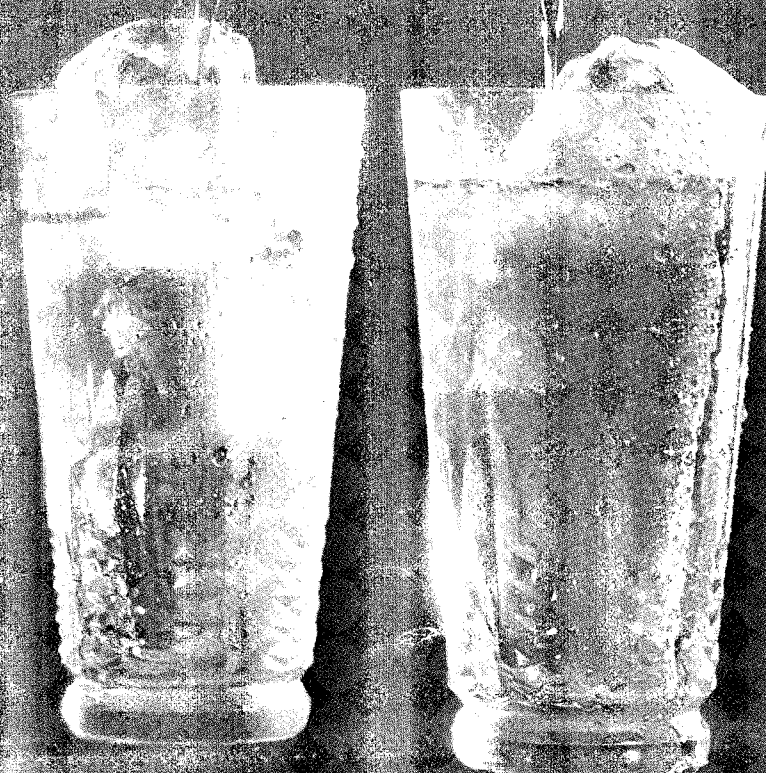


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